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PICTORIAL REVIEW

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1899

WM. McDOWELL, EDITOR.

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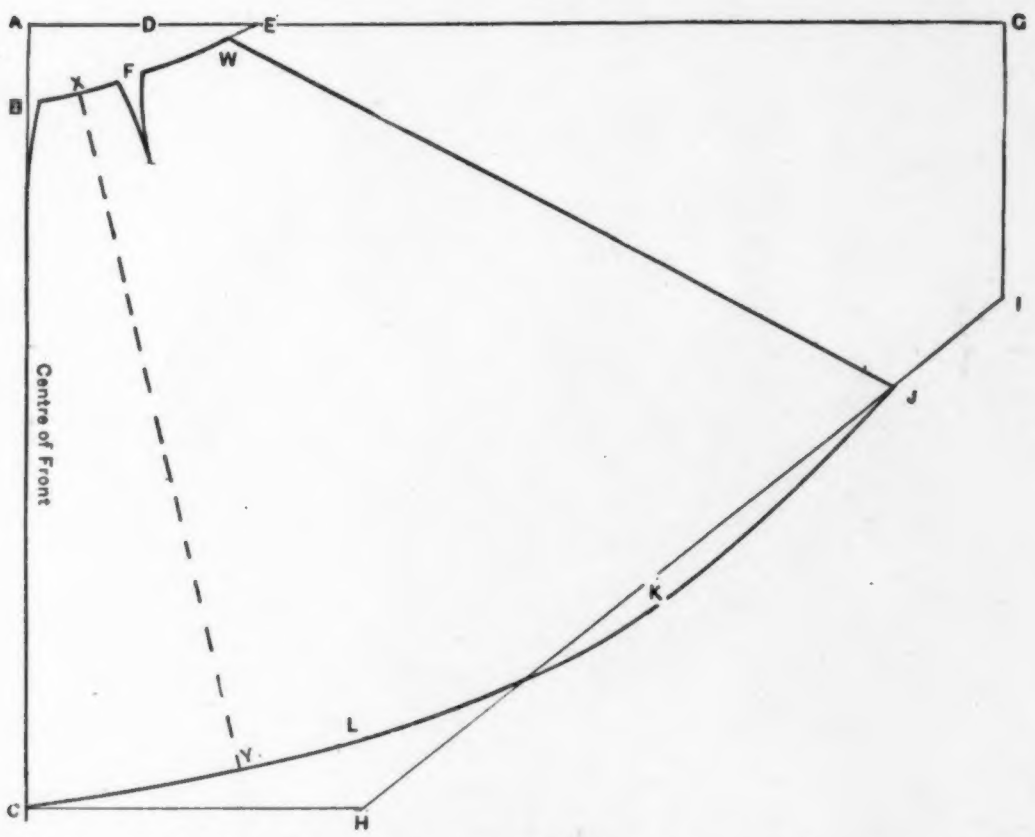
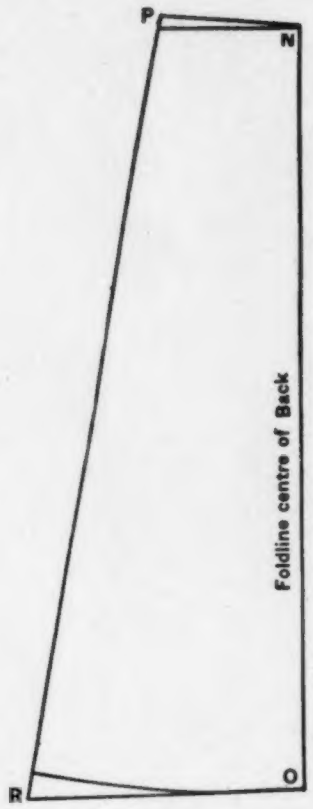
PRACTICAL LESSON ON DRESSMAKING.

SKIRT WITH DOUBLE BOX PLAITS.





As the Skirt with the Double Box Plaits is now quite popular, we give directions for drafting a skirt of this kind.

From A, near the edge of the paper, draw a line straight down to B 4½ inches (or ⅛ of the waist measure with ½ inch added), and continue this line from B to C the Length of Skirt in Front. (In this case, 40 inches.)

Also from A, draw a line square out to E 13 inches (or ½ the waist measure with 1 inch added).

Dot at D ½ of this distance. (6½ inches in this case.)

Continue this line from E to G the Length of Skirt in the Back. (In this case, 42½ inches.)

Measure straight down 3 inches, from D to F.

Draw a curved line from B to F, and from F to E.

At the Bottom of Skirt draw a line from C square out to H 18 inches.

From F at top, measure down towards H the Side Length of Skirt, to L. (In this case, 40½ inches.)

Draw a straight line from G down 15 inches to I and draw a line from I to H.

If we now drew a line (E to I) with the proper curve at the Bottom we would have a Circular Skirt; but we will make this skirt a little narrower on account of the Box Plaits.

Measure in from E, 1½ inches to W; and from I to J 7½ inches.

From W measure down towards J for Skirt Length in the Back (in this case, 42½ inches); and from W to K the Length in the Back, less one inch.

K is half-way from L to J. Curve from C to L, to K and J.

Take out a ½ inch dart in the lining at B and a dart 1½ inches at F, extending down about 5 inches.

If you desire a three-gored skirt with box plaits, you can run a seam down as shown by dotted line X Y, having this piece 3½ inches wide at the waist and 11 inches wide at the bottom. This skirt can be open on the side under X. A small dart is then taken out at X instead of B.

To draft the Double Box Plaits:

Draw line N O, the Length of Skirt in the Back. (In this case, 42½ inches.)

Draw line from N square out to P 8 inches, and also from O square to R 15 inches.

Curve from N to ¾ inch above P.

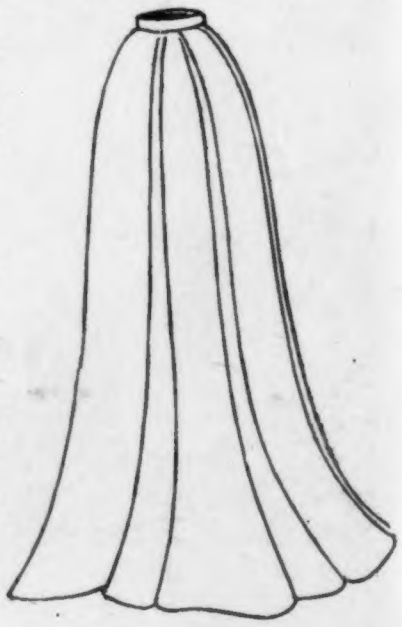
Measure from this point down towards R the Length of Skirt in the Back and curve from O to this point.

This is half the size of the Double Box Plaits, so fold on line N O to get proper amount of goods.

In forming the plaits fold so the top-plait is about 2½ inches wide at waist line or 1¼ inches each side of N.

The under plait should extend about ½ inch each side of the top plait at the waist line.

The line P R on plait is joined to the back of Skirt at W J.



SPIRIT OF WINTER.

PICTORIAL REVIEW

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
DEVOTED TO
FASHION, SOCIETY, THE STAGE,
THE ARTS AND THE HOME.

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FOR RATES OF ADVERTISING APPLY TO THE COMPANY.

THE CHRISTMAS SEASON—the season of gift-giving, of general rejoicing, of feasting and merry-making—is now almost upon us, and already the Christmas spirit is abroad in the land. It looks out of the shop windows, out of the brown paper packages piled high on the delivery wagons, out of the eyes of the thousands of hurrying shoppers. There are suggestions of it everywhere, from the butchers' stalls, heaped high with poultry and outlined by spicy-smelling evergreens, to the bookshops, where holiday volumes in festal dress tempt people, to whom literature is a dear delight, to possess them at almost any price. It comes to us in the fragrant breath of the pine and mistletoe, which adorn the marts of the florists, and is seen in the countless things for personal adornment and comfort and for home decorations which fill the stores in almost every department of trade. A walk through the shopping districts of a great city like New York brings significantly to mind the near approach of the midwinter holidays.

The Christmas holiday is more than all else a home holiday. More than at any other time in the twelvemonth, it is the season of home gatherings, home benefactions, and home delights. Around the Yule log gather those who have been absent, and the occasion is one of joyous family reunion. The decorations of the home for the holiday season, the preparation of the Christmas feast, and the arranging of the toilets of the various members of the family, as well as the selection of gifts for each, are matters to which the thoughtful housewife is now devoting herself. To lighten her task, she will find some pertinent suggestions in this issue of the REVIEW, and many timely hints, particularly about dress, which will be of value. The REVIEW is preëminently a publication for the home, and it is the purpose to make its monthly visits to tens of thousands of homes not only a source of entertainment, but of actual benefit and positive helpfulness, aiming especially to furnish practical suggestions and new ideas in the matter of good taste and economy in dress and home decoration, and, indeed, in all that interests women who desire to make their homes, their families and themselves attractive and admired. What higher ambition can woman have? With suggestions to aid her in this comes the REVIEW, not only at Christmas time, but all the year around.

The gift of graceful giving, which the coming of Christmas emphasizes, is a fine art. All having the means to do so, can make presents to those whom they wish to favor with their benefactions, but not all have the art of giving with that delicate grace and tact which makes the act vastly more valued than the gift itself. It was Emerson who said: "The only gift is a portion of thyself. . . . Therefore, the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing." The gift most closely associated with the personality of the giver is most appreciated by those who more highly regard the spirit which prompts the gift than its intrinsic worth.

The holly, which typifies the Christmas, has its thorns, as well as the rose. The pricks of the holly thorns are the heart-burnings and jealousies which are too apt to result from the spirit of giving which exacts a like return. We sometimes ask ourselves, What great thing shall be given to him who has much, and what little thing may safely be bestowed upon him who has little? and make that the basis of our benefactions. Discriminate, gracious and acceptable giving is a difficult problem. Yet the giver with goodwill in heart, and the receiver who is humble enough to expect nothing, and to be thankful for "mere remembrance," will escape the pricks of the holly thorns, and win a fair measure of the Christmas cheer, which, after all, is not a question of material gifts, but of spiritual gladness and goodwill.

Nearly all of the traditions and most of the associations of the Christmas holidays fit the country better than they fit the city. Just now the artists of all the publications are giving us their conceptions of Christmas, and very largely these are country scenes, and there is almost invariably an abundance of the jolly snow represented in the pictures. Though snow is anything but jolly in the city, Christmas or no Christmas, it is here an unmitigated nuisance, and, like a bad cold, of which it is the frequent precursor, it is to be got rid of as quickly as possible.

It is hard to divest Christmas of the myth of Kris Kringle, unloading his gifts from the reindeer sleigh and descending with them down the chimney, but how is one to hang up the stockings on the steam pipes or gather round the hearthstone of a register? It puts a tremendous strain on the imagination to fancy that an asbestos grate is a Yule log. On the other hand, the country, somehow, gives a zest to Christmas, at least in theory, that all the modern conveniences fail to supply. Doubtless, this is due mainly to early impressions and associations, but something, too, must be allowed to the English custom, with which Christmas is frequently coupled in our minds, for the typical English gentleman always spends Christmas in his country home.

This year, it is said that there will be an exodus of wealthy families from the city to their country homes, and this custom has been steadily growing for several years. In imitation of the English practice, the servants are sent on ahead: the house is warmed and decked with evergreens, and on Christmas Eve the family arrives, presumably to the sound of sleigh bells and the bursts of childish glee. It is a jolly, good custom for those who have country houses and long purses; but it will not go far toward holiday depopulation of the city.

The great city will without doubt be full of mirth and gladness in the coming Christmas time. That there may be as little as possible of gloom and sadness is the REVIEW's Christmas wish.

GRACIOUS THANKS.

CHRISTMAS is the mirror that has reflected the faults of human nature since the first anniversary of the Star of Bethlehem.

Clever literary men and women cudgel their brains for something new to say about Christmas every year, and their summer vacations are broken by that jogging note from the editor, reminding them that Christmas matter is due. So the writer hies him to work, and with the trail of copy over all nature, proceeds with his story.

But in all the lessons taught at Christmas, there is one that cannot be given too often. A great deal has been said about gift-giving, and the bookkeeper-like method of balancing accounts, and weighing values and the absence of the true feeling that should be the origin of gifts; but little has been said about how to receive reminders of the fact that Peace has spread her cooling fingers over the fevered brow of the world.

What deep mortification and resentment are engendered by the thought that a gift has not been appreciated or that something else had been expected! What a poor return for the weary hours of crowding through the shops, and the wasted energy and gray matter.

Perhaps the beauty of Christmas is destroyed more by an ungracious reception of gifts than by the lack of them. To older and thinking people, there is a sadness during this festival of joy, at best. It is the day that one's own woes and trials choose to revisit one and the poverty and misery of the unfortunates rise in undraped hideousness. So, madame, and sir, if you do not fancy the gifts chosen for you, assume the virtue of appreciation.

PERHAPS.

I looked from out my window, and
behold!
Perched on a naked bough, alone
and cold,
A little nest.

The whirling snowflakes, driven here
and there,
Strewed horribly the home once
warmed with care.
Sad little nest!

No brown heads peeping forth to
view the world,
Or wooing sleep, 'neath mother's
body curled.
Oh, empty nest!

Gone are the pattering feet that made
life glad;
Alone I sit, for cheerless, cold, and
sad,
My little nest.

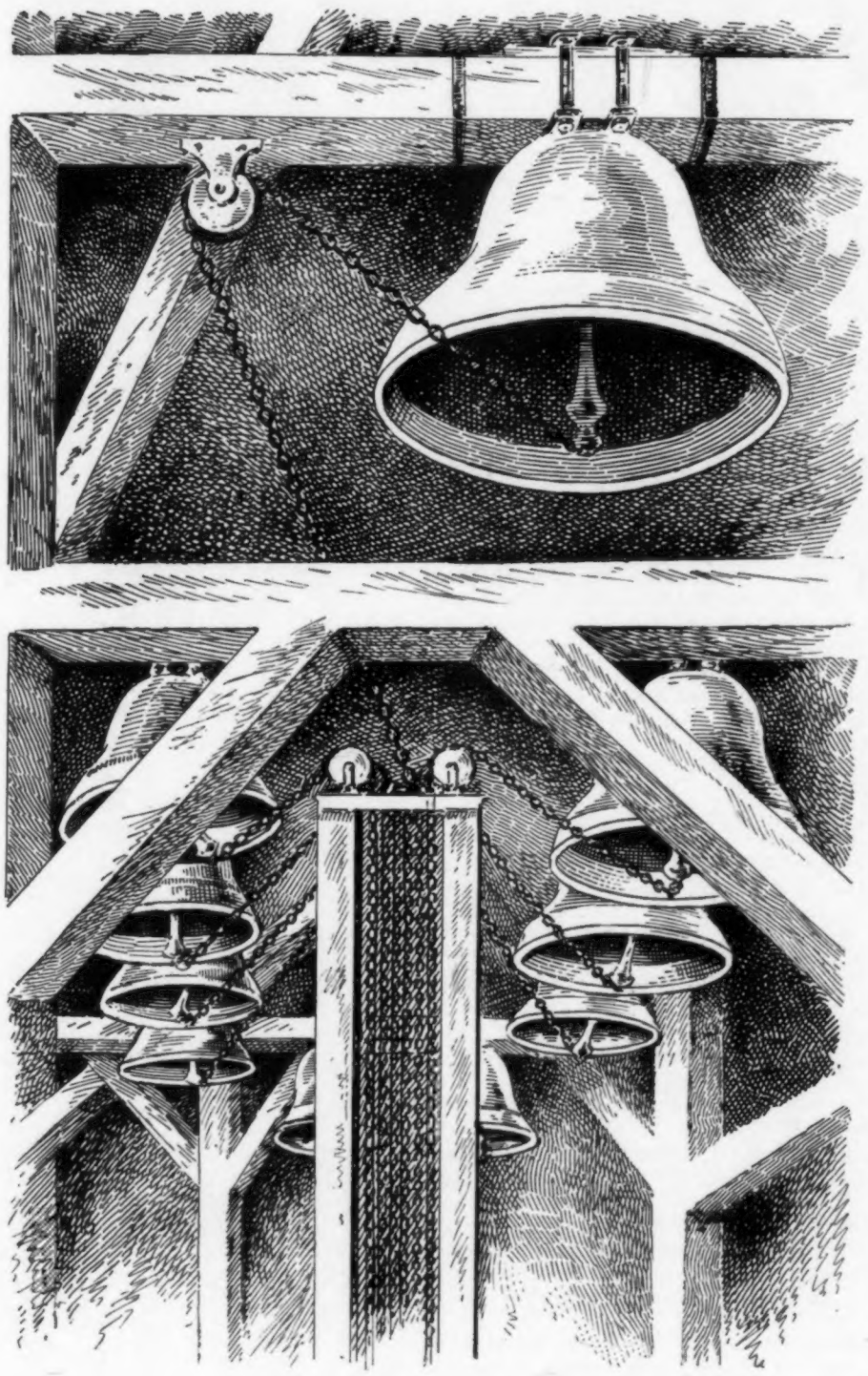
Oh! rosy cheeks, eyes bright as new-
born day,
And tender, clinging arms—now
mouldering clay.
Alas! my nest!

* * * * * *

Next spring more birds will build
and sweetly trill;
Who knows but that dear God will
stoop and fill
My empty nest!

CLARENCE JACKMAN.
Montreal, Canada.

Ringing Out the Old Year at Grace Church.



THE MEMORIAL BELLS.

OF ALL the wonderful improvements made by electricity, the most interesting is the apparatus for ringing chimes. The old bell ringers, sung of so much in Christmas poems, are no more, and, as in other things, the picturesque has given way to the practical and convenient. The hardy old bell ringers made splendid illustrations for Christmas poems and stories, but the plain, prim, inartistic little stand, with a piano keyboard, touched by a finished musician, makes soul-stirring Christmas melodies. The old system of "ringing out the old year" was a difficult matter. Each bell required an operator, who had to climb the perilous ladders to the belfry, and who was not required to know anything of music. The ringers were directed by a musician, as a leader conducts his orchestra. The rope on the bell had to be pulled, and care taken that the bell should be lifted quickly out of the way of the clapper to prevent a false note. Bells of this order are in operation still in many parts of Europe, but in cities, especially New York, the electrical chimes are used. Perhaps the sweetest of these are the bells of Grace Church. The bells are stationary, in a gigantic framework, and the clappers are attached to chains, which run over pulleys and down to levers. Electricity is peculiarly adapted for such a device, for, as in some cases, it is necessary for the clapper to move through a space of six or eight inches, and the key is pressed about three-quarters of an inch only, the force must be powerful and sure. The response must be instantaneous. The bells at Grace Church are all memorial. They are ten in number: the first, or great bell, as it is called, is four feet eleven inches wide and two feet eight inches high. The smallest bell is one foot eleven inches wide and one foot five inches high. The others are graduated between the two sizes. The combined weight of the bells is nine thousand pounds. On a marble tablet to the right of the vestibule is this inscription: "Rev. Thomas House Taylor, D.D., sometime rector of this parish, during whose rectorship this edifice was erected. A faithful, affectionate pastor, a Godly and well learned divine, a blameless and fearless man. A people to whom he ministered for thirty-three years here record their grateful memory of his labors and virtues."

On the opposite side a similar tablet bears: "No. 2. John David Wolfe, sometime warden of this church. No. 3. George Barclay, a warden of this church. The gift of his daughter. No. 4. Edward Renshaw Jones, warden of this church, and Edward Jones, sometime a vestryman of this church. No. 5. Mrs. Mary A. C. McCullum, the gift of her husband. No. 6. William Seward Roberts, the gift of his mother. No. 7. Julian Broome Livenston, the gift of his parents. No. 8. Henry A. Schermerhorn, the gift of his mother. No. 9. Alfred H. Easton, the gift of his widow. No. 10. The children's bell, the gift of Sarah Marsh Auchincloss."

Miss Bertha Thomass, the assistant organist at Grace Church, is the chime ringer. She sits in a small alcove, at the right of the vestibule, and, after switching on the current, touches the keyboard as lightly as if she was at a piano. The chimes are sounded at every service, and there are many during the week and four on Sunday. The most elaborate programme is New Year's eve, when Broadway in the vicinity of Grace Church is crowded with those eager to hear the glorious melody of the bells. Miss Thomass has made a happy selection for her programme this season. Among the numbers are: "A Few More Years Shall Roll," "Fairy Moonlight," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Robin Adair," "Auld Lang Syne" and "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

THE KEYBOARD.

ON RANMOOR SURREY.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Not yet forgotten, Mother Earth!—
  How kind thou wert, that autumn day,
To him who loved thee from the birth,
  And once more on thy bosom lay.

Never so tender thy broad breast,
  Thy large, warm lap, kirtled with grass;
Thy fresh, sweet smell of brackens pressed,
  Thy breath, from wild things which did pass.

I laid my head there, glad and fain;
  I was so strange, thou mightst not know
'Twas thine own child crept home again,
  Thy wood-mate in times long ago:

Yet—as it were but yesterday
  That I had strayed—thou mad'st for me
A mother's place; and so I lay
  Happy once more against thy knee.

Nut-boughs and woodbine o'er my face
  Spread friendly shade against August's glow,
And ferns, with lovely fretted lace,
  Waved green hands for me to and fro.

I had a couch might serve a king,
  Mattressed with moss and heather-sprays;
Hare-bells, as blue as Heaven, did ring
  Their unheard music; and the blaze

Of golden-rod my pillow decked;
  While, from the oak-grove and the brake,
Choristers — pearl-winged, purple-necked—
  Sang to me, for a poet's sake.

Healed by thy kisses I arose;
  Helped, Mother! by thy strong caress,
Went back to be content with those
  Who miss thee, in life's noise and press.

MUFF CHAINS.

I AM glad to say that pretty chains wherewith to hang one's muff round one's neck are being as much used as ever.

And very smart they make the plainest toilette look. The newest things of the kind are made of gun metal, set with pearls or garnets; of silver gilt, set with diamonds and turquoise, and of crystal and silver.

Another very pretty chain, which will go well with the white fur so much worn, is made of coral beads and gold links—and most dainty and attractive it looks. Iridescent pearls are much used in these chains, and the imitation ones look almost as well as the real.

Orders.

IONA OAKLEY GORHAM.

"THESE are my orders," he says, folding up the papers he has been reading.

"Are they?" she answers, then, as though she is aware of her seeming inhospitality, "I am so sorry."

He does not fail to catch the note of apology in her last speech. He turns in his hammock with a fretfulness natural to invalids, and which he has not learned to drop during his convalescence.

Below, in the library, the little people are having a fancy dress party. There is a burst of childish laughter, when Santa Claus, who has reined up his sleigh of treasures at this house for a moment, takes something very wonderful out of his pouch. She smiles and glances at the door, though it is closed and the little people are at the opposite end of the corridor below.

"I fear I have been an awful nuisance," he continues humbly. "Fancy one of 'the fit 13th' not being able to take a little walk on an absurdly hot autumn day, after he was supposed to be as good as new, without dropping like he had run against a mauser."

"But you must not say that, you know. As if I—we could do enough for you, after bringing us news of him."

Again he turns fretfully in his hammock, which is strung in her favorite room, in front of her tea table. He does not need the hammock now, but they have not taken it down, and he has fallen into the habit of using it. He is wise enough to know that by not resigning his rôle of invalid he commands much more attention of his pretty nurse.

The door is flung open and a very tiny Martha Washington, attended by a small cavalier, makes them a courtesy.

"The toys is just buful, and it's the very nicest Christmas tree what Santa Claus ever planted," she states with conviction.

In a second the Martha Washington and her cavalier disappear, their little feet twinkling as they hurry back to the scene of Toyland.

"You are sure you are able to travel?" she says, as she picks up a piece of feathery, silver tinsel, dropped by the small cavalier, and which was festooned on the prize Christmas tree.

"Oh, I dare say a little knocking about will be good for me. You remember the story of the alley cat that was adopted by the spinster, and killed by care and attention."

A bit of a flush covers his cheeks as he remembers the times he has complained of a burning brow and hot pillows to have her pretty, cool fingers hold damp cloths to his temples and to have her rounded arm slipped under his broad shoulders, as she arranged his linen-covered pillows.

"It was very odd that you should come that day. I had just been reading—er—some letters, you know, and, of course, you were mentioned in them. I have often wondered what you were like. And when I came into the room—I fear my eyes were very red—I did not know you were there and——"

"You wore such a pretty blue gown, with little white, whirligig things spilled all over it. There were tiny silver buckles on the tips of your slippers, and one of those crescent things you wear in your hair was tilted forward. I feared it would fall, and when it did, one lock of hair blew across your face. Then——"

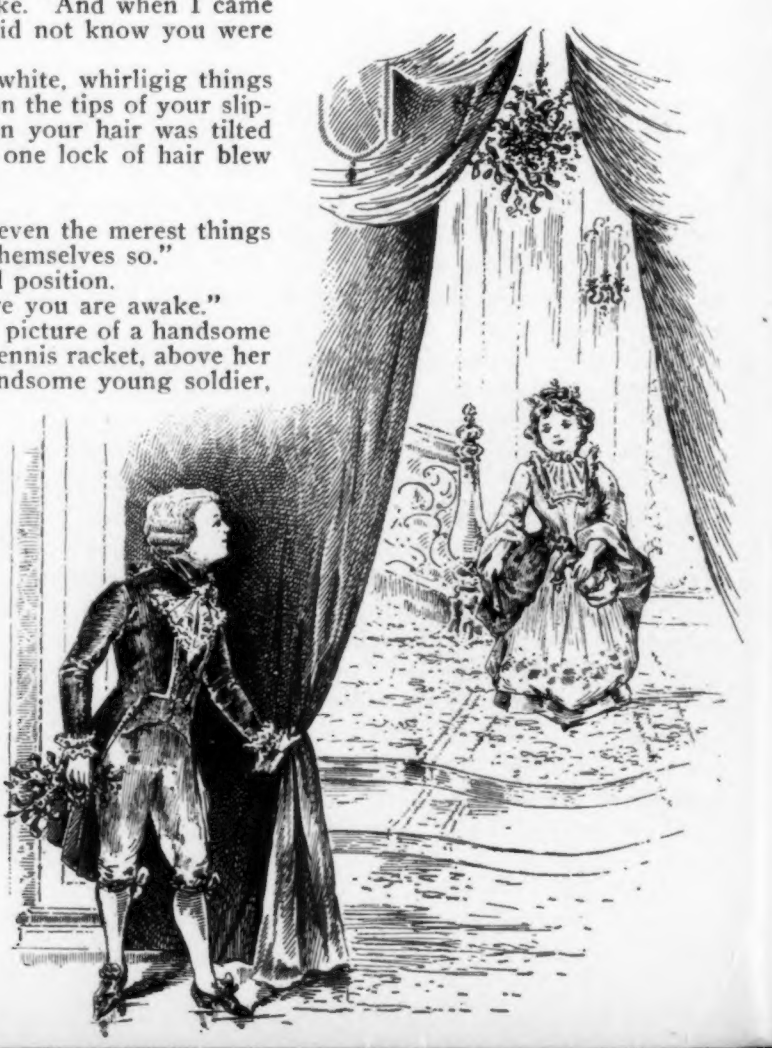
She turns suddenly, and looks at him uneasily.

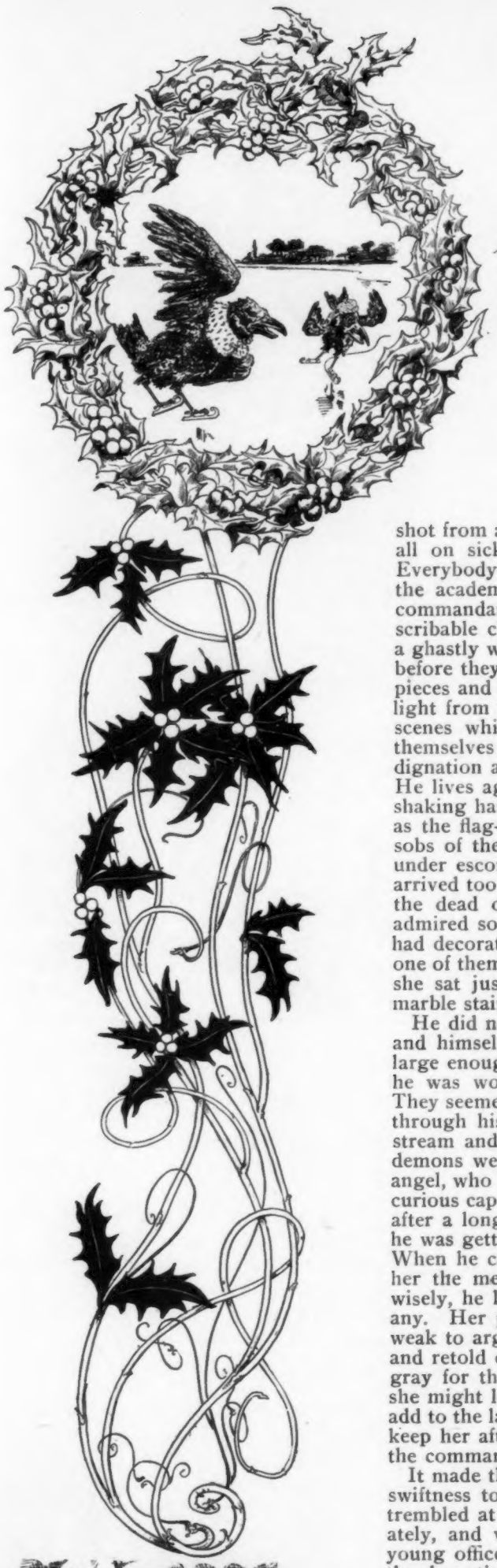
"You see," he begins more evenly, "that things, even the merest things that happen just before a fever like that, impress themselves so."

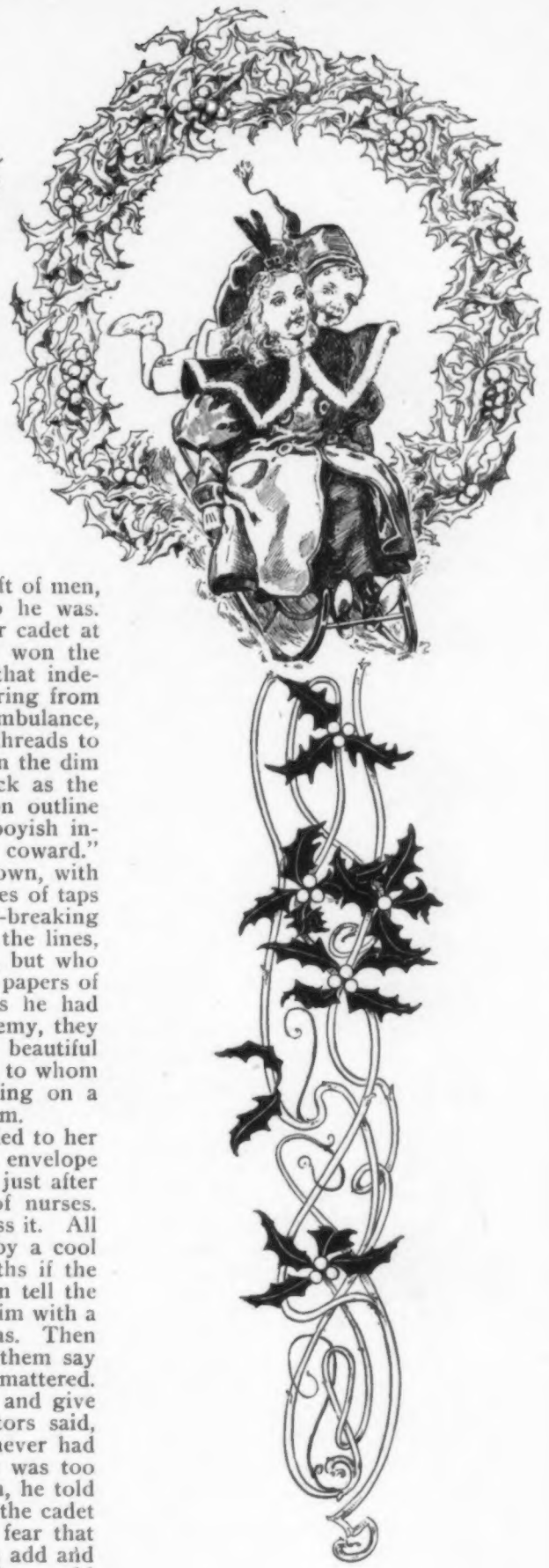
"Oh, yes, I suppose so," falling back into her old position.

"And I must be off early to-morrow—long before you are awake."

He pauses, but she does not take her eyes from a picture of a handsome boy in the West Point uniform, that is framed in a tennis racket, above her table. He follows her gaze. He thinks of the handsome young soldier,







shot from ambush, by some Cuban devil, as he was taking a draft of men, all on sick leave, to the ship. What an awfully clever chap he was. Everybody seemed to like him. Women always did. No other cadet at the academy could have gotten out of that hazing affair and won the commandant over like he did. Even his men seemed to feel that indescribable charm. At the time he was shot, one of them, suffering from a ghastly wound, insisted on his officer taking his place in the ambulance, before they realized the wound was fatal. She pulls the silver threads to pieces and they fall against her white chiffon gown and glitter in the dim light from the opalesque globes. He half rises in his hammock as the scenes which followed his arrival with the regimental surgeon outline themselves sharply to his mental vision. He remembers the boyish indignation at "being shot in the back, old chap, like a blooming coward." He lives again the arrival at the coast. Once more he takes down, with shaking hand, the last messages. Again he hears the weird notes of taps as the flag-draped coffin is lowered. Again he hears the heart-breaking sobs of the pretty dark-eyed little señorita, who rode through the lines, under escort, and with the permission of the military governor, but who arrived too late. To his lot had fallen the duty of arranging the papers of the dead officer, and among them he had found the pictures he had admired so much, when, in spite of the regulations of the academy, they had decorated the inside of his roommate's locker. The most beautiful one of them all was one taken from a painting by a famous artist, to whom she sat just after her presentation to society. She was standing on a marble stairway. Behind her was a rippling, moon-flecked stream.

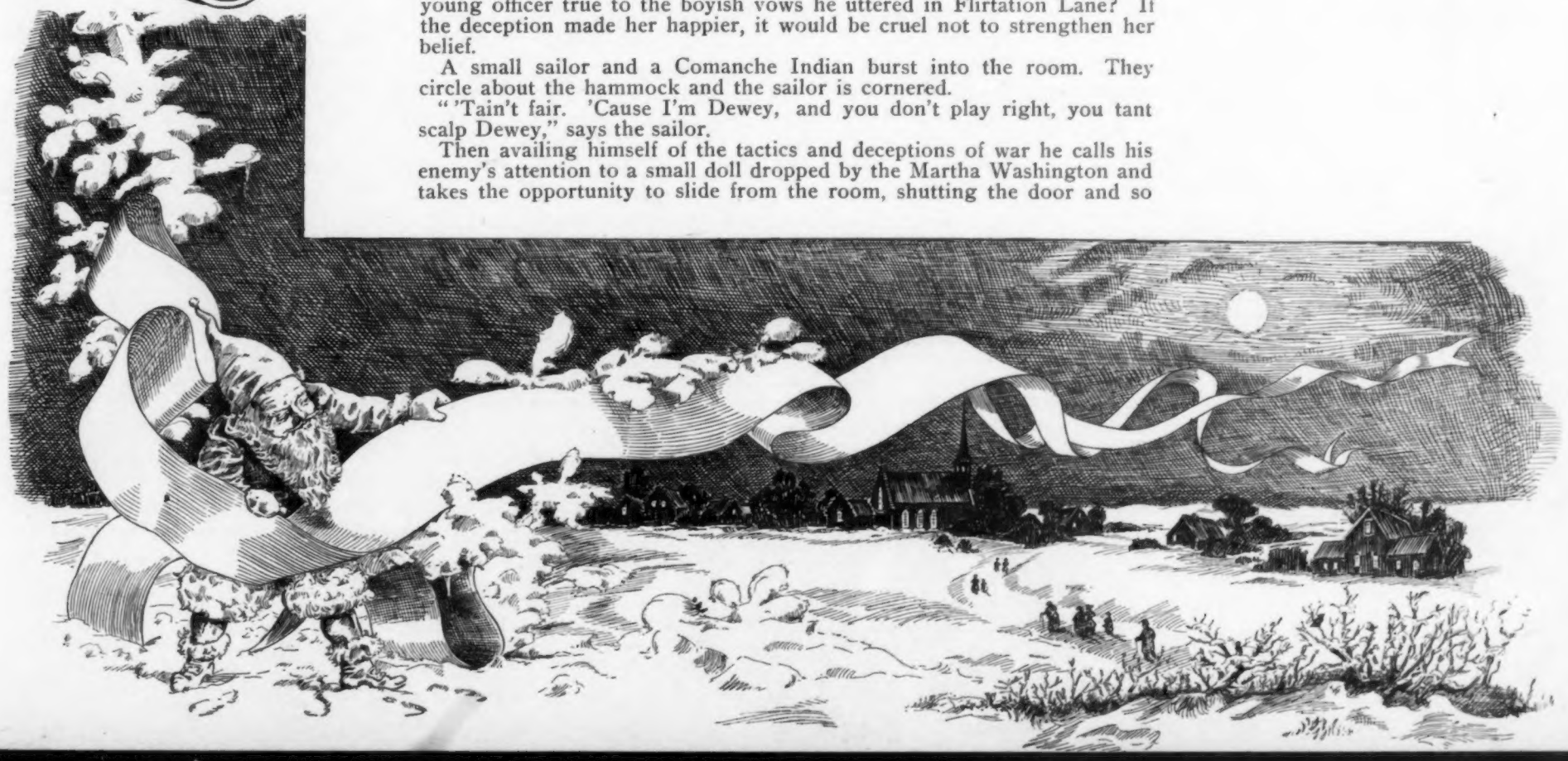
He did not send the pictures when he wrote first. He pretended to her and himself that in his camp writing outfit there was not an envelope large enough. Then came that awful time in the field hospital, just after he was wounded, when they put demons over him instead of nurses. They seemed to tear open his wound when they pretended to dress it. All through his delirium there seemed a beautiful angel standing by a cool stream and she told him she would bind his head in cool cloths if the demons were not so many. One day he heard the field surgeon tell the angel, who had come down her stairway, and was bending over him with a curious cap on her head, that he would not live till the sunset guns. Then after a long time they put him on the transport, and he heard them say he was getting well. But they did just as they liked. Nothing mattered. When he called upon her in New York, to return her pictures and give her the messages, he fainted in her drawing room. The doctors said, wisely, he had overrated his strength. He began to think he never had any. Her people insisted that he could not be moved, and he was too weak to argue the matter. Then, when he was recovering again, he told and retold of the death of the handsome boy, who had changed the cadet gray for the army blue. Perhaps it was pity for her, and the fear that she might learn of the pretty, dark-eyed señorita, that made him add and add to the last messages to her. Perhaps he knew that nothing else would keep her after her, "And now, not another word. You must rest. I am the commanding officer here, and you are under my orders."

It made the blood, lagging in his veins after the fever, rush with stifling swiftness to his heart, when she hung upon his words and flushed and trembled at his story. Perhaps it was wrong. But she cared so desperately, and what difference could it make if she thought the handsome young officer true to the boyish vows he uttered in Flirtation Lane? If the deception made her happier, it would be cruel not to strengthen her belief.

A small sailor and a Comanche Indian burst into the room. They circle about the hammock and the sailor is cornered.

"'Tain't fair. 'Cause I'm Dewey, and you don't play right, you tant scalp Dewey," says the sailor.

Then availing himself of the tactics and deceptions of war he calls his enemy's attention to a small doll dropped by the Martha Washington and takes the opportunity to slide from the room, shutting the door and so



gaining great vantage over the foe. With a whoop the red warrior is after the sailor.

"How noisy they are growing," she says, and once more her eyes seek the pictured face in the tennis racket.

His arden' gaze forces her to withdraw her eyes from the picture. She looks at him, sighs and smiles.

"You—er—you may not be so cut up in time, you know."

He is painfully aware that he has touched her wound with anything but delicacy. He is very sorry about the slang, but if he attempted anything else he is sure it would sound like a copybook or a sample letter of condolence, found in the backs of a certain class of magazines. She looks at him resentfully and droops her head. He draws from her hands the string of tinsel, which has become very limp and lusterless, and throws it on the floor. To his dismay her lashes are wet. He hopes she will not cry.

"Please don't be offended," he begins. "And, oh, I say, don't do that," as her lids quiver. "I—I fear I was beastly rude—but—er—you see, I meant that other people would grow fond of you, and—well, in time—er—you might——"

"Oh, no; that is impossible. I will watch, and if people grow fond of me, as you say, I will tell them, you see," glancing at the picture to indicate her full meaning.

"Well, suppose they could not help it, and went on—and then told you they couldn't help it, you know."

"I would consider such a man lacking in delicacy and courtesy," she says sharply.

"Oh!"

He falls back among his cushions. His face is very white. In a moment she is beside him. She bends over him and smooths his brow. It is very trying, he thinks, but he shuts his teeth hard and remembers he is under her orders. He rises and takes her hands.

"Don't mind—I—fear I gave you a start. And now I must say good-bye. Are you sorry?"

"Of course."

The answer is too quick and emphatic to be flattering. He would have preferred girlish hesitation and a blush. She tries to withdraw her hands, but he holds them fiercely, and she makes no further effort.

"I must thank you and your people for your kindness." Then after a pause, "Are you sure it will be the same always?" nodding towards the picture.

"I am sure now. Perhaps if I had not known, pride—ah, but I am sure, and oh, I thank you so, *so* much."

"Then you are happy as possible, under the circumstances. But if you had suspected——"

"I feel as if I ought to tell you," drooping her head as if her humiliation is greater than she can bear, "that I was mean enough to doubt him at times. But I am content—you see I can hug my grief, now, and not seem ridiculous in my own eyes."

He presses the little hands till she fears she will have to ask him to release them, but she does not like to offend him, he has done so much for her.

"Will you give me the photograph I brought you?" he asks.

"Oh, that is not like you. You may have this one," turning to a small bracket. "It is just like the other, but the one he had I cannot part with, you see."

"No, I suppose not. Would you mind—that is, may I kiss you?"

She draws back suddenly. He becomes very white again.

"Of course, I am presuming on your kindness."

He lets her hands fall, and leans heavily upon the hammock rope.

"Please, please do not think me ungrateful. It seemed a bit strange at first."

She tiptoes and puts both arms around his throat. He crushes her to him and kisses her quickly several times. When he releases her, her cheek bears the print of the braid on his fatigue uniform. He takes up the picture she has given him and goes slowly, like the weary or very aged, towards the door. Then he turns and putting his hand on the facing of the door, leans his head on his upstretched arm. He looks at her again, with such a world of pleading and misery in his eyes. But she has turned her face towards the picture in the tennis racket. Then he straightens himself and walks blindly erect into the gloom of the corridor. Below, some one is telling the little people a fairy tale. "And the princess said she loved him, and they lived happy ever afterward" falls upon his ears dully.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

SIX o'clock on December 25th!—an hour when almost every one in this busy city was thinking of dressing for the great "nursery festival" of the year; the end of numberless calculations as to days and hours which precede the "good time coming;" the day of all the year on which tired men and women get back to childhood's days—as near as may be—with a long draught of unrestrained frivolity.

John Hayward had already learnt to hate and despise Christmas Day. For now that his schoolboy days were past, the great winter holiday, with its general upheaval, dissipated or at least delayed many a plan for his own enjoyment. How many times he had bored and irritated his relations—especially his sisters, who naturally were his most frequent victims—with long-drawn grumbles at "the ostentatious fuss and unnecessary excitement;" pouring forth lofty railings (such terrible sarcasm!) that all this bother should be caused to *him* in order that *they* should be enabled to eat roast beef and indigestible pudding on the 25th of December!

During the last few weeks he had congratulated himself at least a hundred times that he had found in the near approach of his final examination an excellent excuse for avoiding the hated preparations and subsequent festivities in his Lancashire home.

"This year, at any rate"—and he hugged himself as he said it—"I am free from all that rot, and will dine on Christmas Day, as on any other, quietly at the club."

And with this intention he had refused with eagerness several invitations of friends, who, hearing that he would be alone in lodgings on Christmas Day, had warmly invited him to dine with them.

But as he stood in the doorway of his lodging-house sitting-room and heard the noisy laughter, which refused to be restrained by the rickety green-baize door which guarded the entrance to the lower regions sacred to the landlady, he was almost as much ashamed as astonished to feel that a solitary dinner at his club seemed less desirable than in the early afternoon, when he had so carefully ordered it.

However, there was no help for it, so he slipped into his overcoat and wrapped a scarf negligently round his throat—more by way of precaution than necessity, for the night, though muggy and damp, was as unlike typical Christmas weather as could well be conceived.

The streets were empty and drear, save for an occasional cab or carriage which passed with almost incredible speed, as it seemed to Hayward, bearing its guests to their varied goals.

However, he stepped out briskly down the long avenue of flickering yellow lamps, and arrived at his club in Pall Mall, one of the old-fashioned sort, where he pushed aside the heavy mahogany swing door and entered.

The porter, half bored, half annoyed, at his detention, handed him a letter with the air of a man to whom even this amount of effort was tiring, and without further interest resumed his seat.

Hayward glanced at it, and, seeing that it was from his mother, opened it, to find a communication full of condolences with his position, fears for his comfort, and wishes for his presence with the writer.

This did not tend to cheer his spirits, and he crammed it into his pocket and turned into the morning-room.

The club seemed gloomy and oppressive, and, inwardly cursing the aged members for whose rheumatic joints it was necessary to so heat the rooms, he glanced around involuntarily in the hope that he should see the face of some one he knew with whom to suggest the sharing of the favorite corner table. The room was empty, and as he turned towards the smoking-room, he knocked up against the servant coming out, scuttle in hand, from making up the fires.

The man hastily prepared to make way for him, but Hayward checked him with a look, and indicating the door with a slight movement of his hand, asked if there was anybody inside.

"Major Alexander Macintosh and Mr. Bingham, sir."

Both names were unknown to him.

"Anybody else in the club?"

"No, sir; not that I'm aware of, sir."

Hayward's heart sank; and then flashed across his mind the picture of his mother seated in her chair by the drawing-room fire awaiting the moment when her guests, with joyous clatter, would arrive, and gradually swell the party to completion; and to his mind's eye came a vision of his father hovering over the dining-room sideboard putting the final touches to the cold punch!

Without any attempt to check a sigh which rose to his lips, he opened the door and went in.

The sight was not a cheering one; two men were occupying the opposite extremes of the long and narrow room, and each seemed to have taken possession of the fire at his own end.

The Major (no question arose in Hayward's mind as to which was which) was a tall, raw-boned Scotchman, with broad shoulders and grizzled sandy hair and moustache, and was standing with his back to the fire, gazing vacantly and dully at the gloomy street.

The other, Mr. Bingham, a little, shrivelled-up man with spectacles, and a quantity of gray hair, was seated, or rather curled up, in a large arm-chair in front of the fire, buried in a copy of the *Quarterly*, and appearing in no way to notice the advent of the new-comer.

Hayward took a paper and seated himself in a chair near the door, but he soon found himself a prey to an overwhelming desire to know whether either or both of the strangers intended to dine at the club or not; for the idea of a solitary dinner grew more distasteful to him every moment.

Before many minutes had passed he found that he could stand it no longer, and determined to end his suspense, even at the risk of a snub.

He took a furtive look at both of them. Bingham turned over a page. The Major still gazed into space.

He determined to commence with the latter, so he summoned up his courage, and, in a voice that seemed to him strangely unlike his own, said:

"Excuse me, sir, but are you dining in the club to-night?"

The Major started, turned abruptly round, and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir. Oh—er——" and then, as if recollecting himself, he said, "Am I dining here, d'you say? Yes, sir, I am."

He seemed surprised, and so our hero followed up his venture.

"It must seem strange my asking you this question, but I also am dining here and alone, so I thought that as it was Christmas night" (here he colored), "if you also were dining alone, we might share the same table—er—I have taken the corner one."

"I'm very much obliged to you; I shall be delighted. It doesn't seem much like Christmas, though, does it?" replied the Major, glancing round the rather cheerless room.

"No, it doesn't—er—what time are you dining?" said Hayward.

"Well, really, to tell the truth, I have not given my order," said the Major, with an apologetic laugh. "I have been thinking of things other than dinner."

"Well," said Hayward, pressing the bell, "will you let me tell the servant to order you the same as I am having myself—an ordinary plain meal?"

"That'll suit me very well," answered the Major; and so, before very long, they found themselves seated in the coffee-room, and opened their meal with some excellent soup.

"Why, you've ordered no pudding!" remarked the Major, scanning the menu with surprise; "we ought to have some pudding, oughtn't we?"

"Oh! . . er—yes—waiter, let us have some pudding. I don't know how I came to miss that," Hayward laughed uneasily.

"Funny old chap, upstairs," he continued, eager to change the subject; and as he said the words Mr. Bingham entered the room.

Glancing nervously round him, he made his way to the table indicated by the head-waiter and commenced eagerly to swallow his soup.

Our friends proceeded with their dinner, and by the time they had reached their pudding, they had thoroughly broken the ice and were in high good humor.

"It seems very churlish," said the Major, "not to ask our friend over there to help us with some port. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do," readily assented Hayward.

"Waiter," said the Major, "waiter, just give my compliments to Mr.—Bingham, didn't you say his name was?—and ask him if he would do us the honor to join us over some port."

The message was given. Mr. Bingham willingly consented, and ten minutes later he was explaining to the other two the misfortunes which had necessitated his solitary Christmas, a theme which found responsive echo in the Major.

"But," he added, "it is an uncommonly good thing that we three met so opportunely, or we should have spent an infernally dull evening."

"Yes," assented Hayward, "we should"—and in the back of his mind there was a distinct idea that there might be something in the old Christmas idea after all; and there was, too, a very definite resolution not to eat another Christmas dinner save where Christmas should be spent, convention or no convention—at home.

Lace hats with tulle are the very latest for reception wear. You cannot do better than bear the fact in mind, especially as such simple light sorts as Lierre are preferred to more costly sorts.

Something worn in the hair is essential if you would be quite up to date. Charming butterflies of lissé, spangles and lace are seen, and many pompons and aigrettes are worn, but nothing is so appropriate or so charming for a young girl as a natural flower nestling in her locks.

Handkerchiefs in bandanna style, but of finest liberty silk, make the latest stocks and ties. They are folded diagonally, passed twice around the throat and the ends knotted under the chin.

GOWNS WORN BY ANNA HELD IN "PAPA'S WIFE."

(No attempt at portraiture. Description on page 32.)

GOWNS WORN BY MAY IRWIN IN "SISTER MARY."

(No attempt at portraiture. Description on page 32.)

THE EXCHEQUER.

WORLD'S EXPOSITION OF PARIS, 1900.

CHAPTER IV.

OUTSIDE of Athens and Rome, Paris is easily the most interesting of cities as regards its early history, architecture and customs. To wake the past into life was a brilliant idea of the Exposition directors, and the space that is devoted to Old Paris, on the right bank of the Seine from the Pont de l'Alma, onwards towards the Trocadero, on what is known as the Quai du Billy, will prove a magnet to the student, the artist, and those who love the picturesqueness and the romance of life, as represented in the Middle Ages. The Paris of the fascinating romances of Victor Hugo, Balzac and Dumas will be faithfully represented, and those who know and value these literary masterpieces will doubtless be delighted for a chance to view the scenes they know so well through description. At a glance, it will be seen that modern buildings, at their best, are but ugly barracks in comparison to the beautiful houses our forefathers reared. Of course, it is something to be thankful for that in our time science has so perfected our sanitary arrangements that we can live in defiance of the Black Death and the other plagues that periodically devastated mediæval cities, but looking at the wonderful architecture of the Rue des Vielles Ecoles or the Rue des Remparts, so rich and varied in design, where utility is last thought of and artistic ideas are so nobly wrought, it seems a pity that nowadays men build houses not so much for the love of art as for the love of gold.

A visit to Old Paris will doubtless bear excellent results in taste formation, for there is no reason on earth why the moneyed classes cannot build themselves homes as beautiful as any of olden times. The opportunity to study these old houses at leisure cannot but be appreciated by the few, if not by the many. At all events, it is about time that mediæval architecture had its innings, and that we moderns may revel for a brief time in the artistic beauty of the past.

Entering Old Paris by the Pont de l'Alma or Cours la Reine, one goes under an old fortification, the Porte Saint Michel, and we find ourselves in the early years of the sixteenth century. It is a fête day, banners are floating, the balconies of the houses are garlanded with flowers and the strains of old-time music reaches the ear. Sentinels in armor, with helmets of fur, are promenading before the Arcade, and at a glance it would be seen that the old mediæval picture is complete.

From the Porte Saint Michel we reach the Place Pre-aux-Clerco, at the end of which is situated the Rue des Vielles Ecoles, and on the right the Rue des Remparts. Near the Rue des Vielles Ecoles stands the Maison aux Piliers, one of the most interesting old-time houses in French history, and the forérunner of the Hotel de Ville. During the Commune of 1358, it was from the Maison aux Piliers that Etienne Marcel harangued the mob.

Starting from the Maison aux Piliers is the Rue des Vielles Ecoles, and here one finds the same buying and selling, the same signs, houses and shops as flourished in the sixteenth century. Here, too, is the old house in which Molière was born, only demolished as late as 1802. It was formerly situated at the angle of the Rue Saint Honoré and of the Rue des Etuves, to-day the Rue Sauval. It was long supposed that Molière was born in the Rue de la Tonnellerie, in a house torn down to make way for the present market, but the latest documents have proved this erroneous, and it is known absolutely to-day that it was at the Sign of the Monkeys in this fifteenth century house with its remarkable pillars carved from top to bottom with monkeys gathering oranges and apples, that the little Poquelin was born.

Near by is the house of Nicholas Flamel, the old chemist, who was said in his day to have discovered the philosopher's stone. The house he lived in really exists in the Rue de Montmorency to this day, but so changed as to be hardly recognizable. Nicholas Flamel also possessed the virtue of philanthropy. He built the house in the Rue de Montmorency out of his savings, but let out the top part to poor people at a nominal rent, and as often as not, rent free when his tenants were too poor to pay, all that was asked from the latter in return being a Paternoster and Ave for the souls of Mr. Flamel and his family.

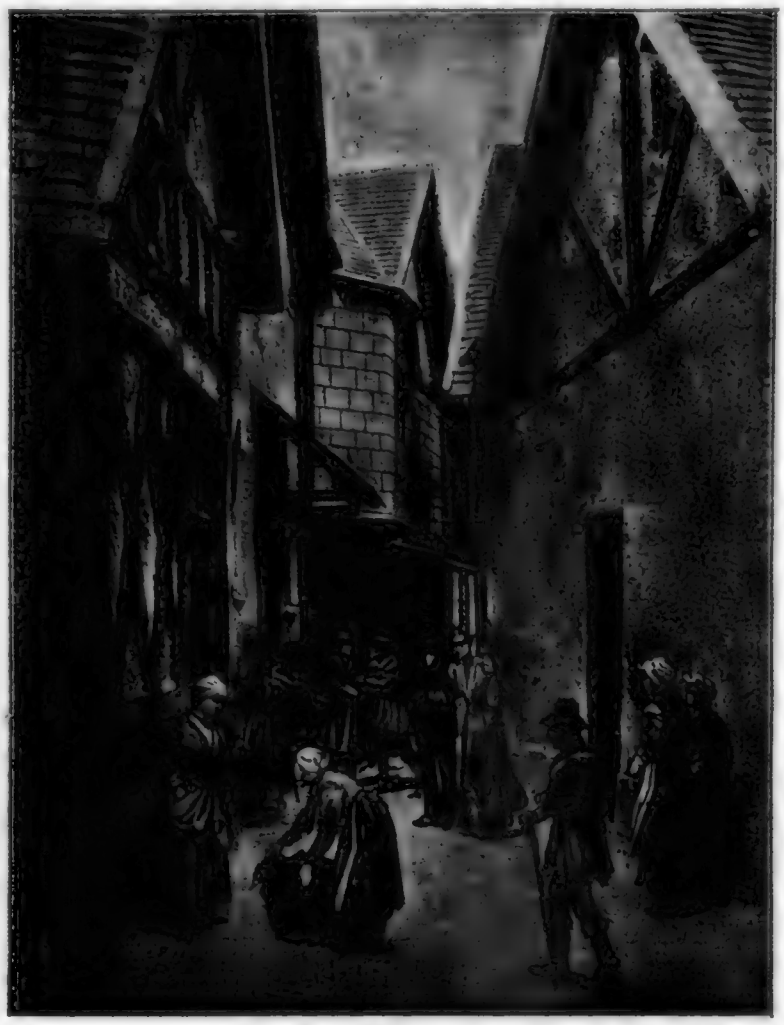
Next to Flamel's residence comes the gable ends of the house that was the birthplace of the French press, the House of the Sign of the Big Cock, wherein was founded the *Gazette de France*. This house was really situated in the Rue de la Callandre very near the Rue de Palais, and existed up to the time of the Revolution.

Another house interesting to literary people is the Maison des Estienne, the great printing house which flourished at the sign of the Olive Tree, and was often visited by Francis the First.

In the Place Sant Julien a number of buildings claim the attention of the visitor; amongst some are the Arcades from the cloisters of the College of Cluny, one of the most beautiful examples of Gothic art in Paris, all of which are now lost to posterity with the exception of one notable relic in the Rue des Archives. It was in the fine cloisters of the Cluny College that the painter David fixed his atelier after the Revolution. Another interesting object of the Place Sant Julien is the pillory of the Abbe of Saint Germain des Pres, with its large wooden boards in which are holes for the head and hands of the victims of ecclesiastical wrath. This instrument of torture will not be the least amusing of the exhibits in Old Paris at the exposition.

One of the most important reconstructions of historical buildings on the Quai du Billy is the Chambre des Comptes or Office of the Exchequer, a most beautiful example of French art of the Renaissance period. This great work of art was destroyed in the terrible fire of 1737, but is faithfully copied for the Exposition. The building was put up during the reigns of Charles VII. and Louis XII., and was situated at the Court of the Sainte Chapelle Rue de la Barillerie. With its niches and statues, its exquisite tower and staircase and magnificent windows, it was one of the wonders of ancient Paris.

Behind the Chambre des Comptes is the Grande Cour de Paris, an irregular six-sided enclosure where we find the most diverse styles of architecture belonging to the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the Hotel Scipion Sardini lived the great Italian financier of that name, who came to France in the train of Catherine de Medicis, and, of course, made an enormous fortune. In another hotel near the Hotel de Ponthieu lived the Admiral Coligny, who was slain by assassins in his bed chamber. The Hotel de Ponthieu



PARIS IN 1400.

was later named the Hotel de Montbazon, of which it is related that Rancé came there, after a voyage, to see his mistress, the Duchesse de Montbazon, but finding her body cut open and in the hand of embalmers, the head severed from the trunk, and standing on the table, he was so overcome by the terrible sight that he turned to religion, left the world, and founded the monastery of La Trappe.

Later, when the Hotel Montbazon degénerated from an aristocratic mansion into an ordinary hotel, where paying guests were received, it was known as the Hotel Lisieux, and it was here that the world-renowned Sophie Arnould was born.

The Pont-au-Change or Exchange Bridge was where the money-changers, bankers, usurers and workers in gold and silver were found. It was also called the Pont aux Oiseaux, inasmuch as each house was designated by the sign of some bird, swallow, heron, cock, blackbird, etc. It was burned in 1621, just eleven years after being finished, having been commenced in 1599. It was, of course, a great business centre of Paris, and attracted all manner of people, from great ladies and their cavaliers to the lowest dregs of the populace who came to beg.

Not far from the Pont-au-Change we find the Coud de Sainte Chappelle, the staircase of which was encumbered with booths and small stalls of all sorts belonging to all kinds of traders, from jewelers to barbers.

An interesting phase of Old Paris will be the Church of St. Julian-des-Menetriers, the patron saint of the jugglers and minstrels of France. It was built by these people in the thirteenth century in the Rue St. Martin, and its portals was their meeting place and market. It was here, up to the time of the Revolution, that singers, jugglers, hautboy players, players of the mandolin, flute, viola, offered their services for private and civic functions, weddings and other fêtes.

Of course, even in detail the ancient life of Paris will be followed. The curfew bell will toll, scholars, cavaliers, beaux and belles in powder and patches will congregate in the taverns and the streets, gambling, snuff-taking and living exactly as they did ages ago. In fact, the only anachronism of discordant note in Old Paris will be the electric illumination, but it would be too dreadful to ask modern sightseekers to go back to the semi-darkness of rush light and candle light.

One of the most curious corners in the Paris of olden times was the Cour des Miracles, and this will find a place at the Paris Exposition of 1900 in the Avenue Suffren, near the Avenue de la Motte-Piquet.

The Cour des Miracles was the resort of the ruffians, robbers, bandits and beggars of Paris, and was so called because once inside of its fortifications the blind saw, the halt and lame walked, and those who were armless and legless for sweet charity's sake, here ran and leaped and wrestled. There were many Cour des Miracles of Paris, and these resorts were the terrors and despair of law-abiding citizens and the authorities. The most important was that which had its entrance in the Rue Neuve Saint Sauveur—to-day the Rue de Nil. According to Sauval's description, written during the reign of Louis the XIV., this Cour des Miracles was an enormous cul-de-sac, surrounded by old houses, wherein could be found a most promiscuous assortment of families living together in what might be described as the height of moral disorder. Once night had fallen, it was one continual orgy, for it was an unwritten law of these people to have no care for the morrow. Neither faith nor law was considered. Marriage, baptism, all the sacraments were despised and discarded, yet, a statue of Dieu le Père, stolen from a church, was given a prominent place in the court, and from time to time was shown some respect by its lawless inhabitants. Drunkenness and every vice under the sun was here in full swing, and on the first sign of molestation these beggars drew their bows against the police—they are usually skilful archers—and barricaded themselves so securely that it was a regular military invasion that could hope to cope with or conquer them. After the construction of a hospital for sick beggars was finished, Louis XIV. had these miserable dens cleared and the inhabitants who remained were removed and cared for, and the impostors who failed to escape were severely punished when not put to death.

Near the Cour des Miracles we find the narrow Rue des Filles Dieu, at the end of which is the chapel of the same name. In this street is situated the famous old tavern, Aux Trois Pichets. Nearby is a museum of authentic arms, armor and furniture of the fifteenth century, and next to this the booth of a merchant offering perfumes, Oriental drugs, love philters, subtle poisons, such as were in vogue at the same period.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF OLD PARIS.

A visit to the old Chapel of Les Filles Dieu should not be missed when in this quarter.

(THE END.)

"Opener and closer" is a new feminine vocation. She is sent for when a family departs from home temporarily, putting things to rights then, and repeating the operation just before the return.

One of the employments of Japanese women is to pick worms from the leaves of growing tobacco. They are put in bottles, which have to be shown in proof that the picker has earned her wages.

PRINCESS DELPHINE.

By Alexander McArthur,

Author of "Gemma, the Story of a Model," "Irish Rebels," etc.

(Copyright by the Author, Oct., 1899.)

Chapter III.

PRINCESS DELPHINE received a strikingly disagreeable impression on first hearing Graf Poliakoff's voice, although she recognized it as both musical and cultured. It sounded to her too suave, too sweet, for its owner to be anything but treacherous, and it aroused in her at once all the instinctive dislike and distrust of people and things Russian that was part of her Polish birthright. Listening to it, she felt uneasy, uncomfortable, and as if menaced by some unknown evil and terror. She looked up searchingly at him, to read what sort of man he might be, and if his face would at all belie his looks. Accustomed, as she was, to read admiration in the faces of men she met, she was yet startled by the look of intense delight and interest Graf Poliakoff was giving her. Then her heart gave one bound, and forthwith commenced beating quicker. She saw she pleased him, and in an instant realized that, inasmuch as he was a man of power, apparently the most important man in the Empire next to the Tsar himself, he could do more for her and for Ladislas than any other but the Emperor. How good God is, she thought, with a sigh, and whilst Graf Poliakoff was looking at her, deciding he had never seen a lovelier or more innocent face, she was offering up a prayer to God and begging the Virgin's help that she might have charm enough to influence and coquetry sufficient to bewitch him.

Prince Karol was beside her, smiling as if he had just come into a fortune, his good-natured face still red and shiny from the cold. He felt happy, for he saw the decided impression Princess Delphine had made, and he began to hope that, after all, their journey would not be in vain, for he knew better than any one how great a power is influence with Russian justice. Most of those in the salon (all, in fact, except those playing cards) stood round them in a circle, politely asking questions and trying not to smile at Prince Karol's absurd exaggerations.

After a time, the group separated, Graf Poliakoff monopolizing Princess Delphine's attention entirely. She found him very courtly and polished, a master in saying small nothings that flattered, and turning graceful compliments with that skill which is so subtle and so Russian. Yet each moment as she listened to his voice her antipathy and aversion grew stronger. She argued sensibly enough with herself, however, that this was silly and absurd, since it behooved her to make as good an impression as possible on him for Ladislas's sake; so she crushed the feeling of antipathy aside, and, looking up into his dark, intellectual face, strove to see its beauties rather than its defects, and determined to shut her ears to the warnings that came to her through his voice. She saw that his eyes were keen dark, and in thoughtful moments beautiful. His short, pointed beard was flecked with gray, and his hair was white. Enormous will-power was written in every line and curve of his somewhat thin lips, in the arched nostrils, and the steady glance of his eyes. Altogether, it was an interesting face, if one whose owner could not be trusted.

Delphine was young. She was beautiful, and many had told her that she was bewitching. The possibility that she might capture Poliakoff's affection flattered her vanity exceedingly. His very name had a certain awe for her. It was a name only spoken of in whispered terror by a million Russian firesides; a name cursed and execrated in countless dungeons; a name that caused fear even to the nobles. What a triumph if she, a Polish girl, should subdue this Poliakoff; should gain his friendship, bring him to her feet, make him her slave perhaps. A soft word or glance thrown in here and there would be no treachery to Ladislas; on the contrary, it might prove his salvation.

Thoughts like these floated through her mind, yet her big blue eyes were as soft and guileless as a child's.

"The snow is falling more heavily than ever," Graf Poliakoff said gleefully, as he drew aside the heavy plush curtains and looked out into the blinding mist. "They have telegraphed, too, from the Weather Bureau that it will probably last a week longer. We will all have to stay here several days at least, for the roads are impassable."

"Ah," she said, with an agitation he did not just then understand. "That means all travellers will be weather-bound, and northwards towards St. Petersburg it will be worst."

"Oh, it is worse," he replied, readily. "Dispatches come here only with the greatest difficulty."

"I heard," she said, trying to master the beating of her heart and be calm, "that quite a number of prisoners started yesterday for Siberia. Poor things! will they have to——"

A frown darkened Graf Poliakoff's face. "Why, how did you hear that?" he asked, suspiciously.

"I merely overheard that one of our friends"—she shrugged her shoulders, and a smile of exceeding sweetness, but slightly derisive, passed for a moment over her face as she continued, her voice trembling—"of course, I should not call him that any more, now that he has been sentenced; yet I am not afraid to call him so. I speak of Count Bobrinski. He is sentenced to the mines."

"Ah, Bobrinsky! Yes," he replied, severely and thoughtfully; "he is sentenced to the mines, but he has not started yet. This storm will keep the prisoners perhaps two weeks more in St. Petersburg." Then he added, indifferently: "Do you possess that virtue, constancy, to such a degree that you are willing to call a Nihilist a friend?"

"Ah, Graf Poliakoff," she said, naïvely, "What do I know of Nihilism? I know Bobrinski as a partner in the dance, as a friend, as a—" her voice broke and her eyes filled with tears.

"An admirer, of course," Poliakoff said, turning half aside, as if to see the storm, in order that he might not witness her distress. Then, after a pause, he said, quietly: "But he is only one out of a host."

A host in himself, she thought, as she swallowed a sob; but, controlling her feelings, she said, quickly, not knowing exactly why: "Oh, no; I have really no admirers."

Poliakoff laughed and looked at her with new interest. "I should like to think so: it would make me the first. There is something so sweet," he continued with sentimentality, "in being first in a girl's notice in teaching passion—and—"

Princess Delphine shrank away from him, and for a moment made no effort to hide her thoughts. She looked at his gray hair and, estimating his age as over forty, wondered at his audacity, and also could he be serious or joking?—deciding he really was the former. Of course, it was one thing to have him her slave, quite another to be in love with him. The thought finally amused her so much she laughed aloud, and her disdain vanished. This laugh, misinterpreted, restored Poliakoff's equanimity and soothed his vanity. He was counted a handsome man, and women of all classes had continually felt or feigned love for him. For the first time it struck him he was perhaps a trifle too serious to captivate the fancy of a young and beautiful girl; but it was only for a minute. Princess Delphine's eyes were dancing, and she was looking at him coquettishly. She felt in that moment almost happy. After all, in spite of their adventure, and of the delay that would prevent them reaching St. Petersburg, she had found out something about Bobrinski, and again she told herself God was good, and piously muttered a few words of prayer.

She looked over at Prince Karol, and tried to telegraph the fact that she had news for him. The Prince nodded and winked his eyes back at her, delighted to read the satisfaction and comparative joy in her lovely young face.

During this time they had all been standing, with the exception of a few old Generals and some who were playing cards in an adjoining room. Princess Delphine felt they were waiting for something, and this proved right, for a footman came to the door and announced that supper was served.

Graf Poliakoff hurriedly whispered to Delphine that she would sit on his left, and with a smile left her, to give his arm to Madame Tretiakoff, a handsome woman, with dark eyes and a queenly manner, who wore white sable, trimmed with velvet, and wonderful turquoises set in diamonds.

An old General, partially deaf, gave Princess Delphine his arm, and they all filed out in somewhat solemn procession to the great dining hall. When they sat down she had a good opportunity to study Graf Poliakoff's guests, and she wondered ceaselessly what had brought all these people in the height of the St. Petersburg season to the wilds of the Poliakoff estate. Besides the usual retainers, of which there is always a number in Russian houses, there were a dozen guests, and almost half of these were officials in Poliakoff's department at St. Petersburg. There were more men than women, and Madame Tretiakoff seemed to have an authority that puzzled Princess Delphine somewhat. She knew her as a leader of fashion, a somewhat notorious woman, who had divorced one husband, and was living more or less away from her second husband, who spent his time chiefly between Paris, Nice and Trouville. She was a Princess Bariatinsky in her own right, enormously wealthy, clever, brilliant, and powerful at court. Princess Delphine knew of no relationship between her and Graf Poliakoff. The mere fact of her sitting at his right hand proved this; yet her authority was undeniable. The men were all specially attentive to her: more so than to any of the other women present. Noting this, she began to wonder in her innocent, girlish way, if the brilliant Madame Tretiakoff was contemplating a second divorce, and a marriage with Graf Poliakoff.

Delphine grew tired of talking, or rather trying to talk, to the old General, and cross at Poliakoff's attention to Madame Tretiakoff. To Delphine he only turned but to make polite inquiries as to her wants. He and his companion were having a deeply interesting conversation, and Delphine could catch now and again snatches of Madame Tretiakoff's sparkling wit and repartee. Once Poliakoff tried to talk to her, but an authoritative "Mon cher" and a tap on the elbow from her fan made him turn at once to his neighbor. Delphine studied her narrowly, and noted that age and good living were beginning to tell somewhat on her good looks. Her complexion was coarse, and she rouged and powdered thickly. Her upper eyelids, too, were beginning to get baggy; the lines about her mouth to deepen, and her figure, although fine, had lost all the graceful, svelte outlines of youth. Only her wonderful dark eyes, her luxurious hair, sparkling

teeth, and red, beautifully curved lips were perfect.

Russians keep very late hours, and, although it was two o'clock when they finished supper, the card tables were arranged in the salon and two groups sat down to whist. Just as soon as Madame Tretiakoff, who was an inveterate card player, was well into her game, Poliakoff, who, curiously enough, detested cards, came to Princess Delphine and sat beside her. He was flushed with wine and good humored. He availed himself of the privilege of lighting Princess Delphine's cigarette, and handing it to her, and when their hands touched he said, quickly, "How deliciously cool and soft your hands are, and how wise you are not to spoil their beauty by wearing rings. Only one I see; may I look at it?"

Bobrinski's name was engraved on the gold, and Princess Delphine felt it wiser not to let him see this. "On my hand, yes," she said, with a blush. "It hurts to take it off. I never remove it." She gave him her hand fearlessly, for she knew no Russian would dream of removing a ring, there being a great superstition against it.

"Is it an engagement ring?"

Delphine felt that the next question, if she would answer truly, would be, "From whom?" and she felt just then that the truth would prejudice her case; she preferred to wait till she was better known to him.

She shook her head, and said, evasively: "Have I not told you I have no admirers?"

"That you know of," he said, ardently.

"Yes; that I know of."

"And strange," he said, after a moment's pause, whilst they both listened to the storm without, "is fate."

Delphine was inwardly amused at the sentimentality in his voice. "Quite by chance, and because of the mere whim of my friend, Madame Tretiakoff, I came here two days ago. She got tired of the people and intrigues in St. Petersburg, and persuaded me to give a house party. I meet you, also sent here by chance."

"And the storm!"

"Yes, the storm. How I love that storm! Just listen! You are bound, I suppose, for St. Petersburg?"

"Yes; we are going to St. Petersburg."

"It will be charming if we all travel together. Would it not, Prince Karol?" Poliakoff asked, turning to the old gentleman, who just then came towards them.

Anything that threw them in Poliakoff's path was exactly what Delphine and her grand uncle desired. Prince Karol bowed and smiled, and rubbed his hands gleefully. "Why, it would be most charming," he said, as he moved away.

Delphine and Poliakoff were talking about mutual friends, finding out, too, who were their mutual friends. Then they drifted to art talk, and Delphine found herself getting deeply interested, for Poliakoff was pointing out to her the great future of the Russians in art generally. He was telling her of Rubinstein and of how he would arrange a meeting for her with him, when a tall shadow disturbed their chat, and Madame Tretiakoff said, shortly:

"Give me your seat, Grishki, and go out and settle a dispute between Annenkoff and Shouvaloff. I am going to smoke a cigarette with Mademoiselle, and see if I can amuse her."

She sat down somewhat cumbersomely, shaking the luxurious Persian corner, and bringing with her a heavy perfume of white rose. At once Delphine felt she had met few women of such engaging and magnetic presence. Kindness itself beamed from her dark eyes, with a certain amount of condescension that gave her a singularly striking air.

"And so, little one," she said, taking Delphine's small hand in hers affectionately, "you are going on a wild-goose chase to St. Petersburg?"

Princess Delphine looked at her too astonished for a moment to frame a reply, her eyes dilated with surprise.

"Yes; Prince Karol told me you have no need to hide things from me. It is no longer a secret, either. Men never can keep secrets, no more than women. Besides, Prince Karol is an old friend of mine. This is why I am indiscreet enough to mention the matter. You have a very difficult task, almost an impossible task, before you, child."

Delphine decided to trust her.

"Yes," she said, awesomely; "I know. Graf Poliakoff is powerful: all-powerful. Don't you think he will help me?" she asked, her eyes pathetically troubled.

"Powerful, yes; but there is no man sterner, and few men have less mercy. He is crushing Nihilism with an iron heel, too. He has to."

"But Ladislas is not a Nihilist."

"No; he is only a fool, probably. All these men are fools. Poliakoff would sooner pardon a Nihilist than a fool, I assure you. I know all about him."

Princess Delphine looked up into the brilliant eyes bent on her; then she threw herself completely on the elder woman's good nature. "Ah, Madame," she said, passionately, "you are wise and brilliant and clever. Now that you do know, may I beg your advice? Oh, tell me what to do! Ah, think of it: if one you loved was doomed to Siberia!"

"Yes; it is terrible. The only thing to do is to bewitch Poliakoff if you can. Do anything he asks you; humor him, flatter him. A man is usually wax in the hands of a pretty woman. Above all things, be square with him."

Princess Delphine remembered the lie about her engagement, and her heart dropped.

"Ah, Madame, you have influence. Could you not do something?" she asked, desperation coming over her.

The older woman shrugged her shoulders. "My dear," she said, pettishly, and it seemed heartlessly, "I have no time. I hate trouble. Besides, the task is really too difficult. Wait till you know Poliakoff. Devil Machiavelli," she began, passionately. "Yes, come here, Poliakoff. I was just talking of you, telling Mademoiselle you are a mixture of Machiavelli, Devil, St. Ignatius Loyola—all in one."

"Princess Delphine is too clever to take a jocular assertion literally," Graf Poliakoff said with a slight frown.

"I merely want her to take it to heart."

"We must all take Madame Tretiakoff's sayings to heart," Delphine said, with a blush and a troubled look in her eyes that puzzled Graf Poliakoff exceedingly, and made him infer Madame Tretiakoff had been talking.

"We must insist on sending Princess Delphine to bed. She looks fatigued beyond words," he said.

"We must all go to bed; it is almost dawn. I certainly am going," she said, giving him her hand to kiss.

The card-players had finished their games, with the exception of those at one table, who were good to stay there till morning; and, after a chorus of "Good-nights," Princess Delphine found herself mounting the wide staircase between Prince Karol and her host.

The moment had at last come for which Princess Delphine was longing: the moment when she would find herself alone with Prince Karol, and could tell him her news about Bobrinski.

They found their rooms separated by a common sitting-room, and it was there they met to smoke their usual good-night cigarette together.

"This," said Prince Karol, loudly, "is certainly a worthy exchange to the snow outside. How charming Poliakoff is towards us!" Then he came closer to her, in order to light her cigarette, and said, sotto voce: "Be on your guard here of every one and everything. Let no hint or thought drop as to anything political. Above all, say nothing of Bobrinski till you have felt your way."

"Madame Tretiakoff is your friend?"

Prince Karol commenced to hum, in order to cover the sound of her voice. "Yes," he said, nodding his head, and going on with his singing of a Tschaikowsky lieder.

"You told her why we were coming to St. Petersburg?"

"To give you change of air."

"Nothing about Bobrinski?"

"Nothing; absolutely nothing."

Delphine's face grew pale and agitated.

"But she said to me: 'So you are going on a wild-goose chase to St. Petersburg!' She knew; she said you had told her."

"Come into my room, dear," Prince Karol said, suddenly, stopping his humming. "I want you to read the Litany for me. I feel too tired to say any prayers." He went as he spoke into the next room, and sent away the valet, who was to attend on him.

"Won't you shut the door?"

"No," he said, softly; "never shut doors. Ah, here is the book! Let us read the Litany of St. Joseph together."

Prince Karol sat close beside her, and, both of them making the sign of the cross, she began to read the opening prayers aloud, while Prince Karol said, sotto voce: "You will observe, dear, they have even given us Polish servants: that is so that we may not converse in our own language. As to Madame Tretiakoff, she has surmised our business. She knows probably most of the facts, and is an adept at putting two and two together. At heart, she is not a bad woman, but she loves intrigue, and has opportunities of finding out much, being so near Poliakoff. She is in love with Poliakoff, as you can see, and he is just a trifle tired of her. She has too many caprices. Poliakoff only can help you. Do your best with him."

Prince Karol made all the responses as accurately as if he had not been talking of other things. Then he said, taking the book from her hands, in order to give her a chance to say something: "I will read the last prayers." But Delphine was too frightened and startled to say much. She was having her first real lesson in intrigue, and if in one sense it came natural to her as a Polish woman, in another it frightened her badly. She felt that Bobrinski's fate was trembling in the balance.

Uncle and niece kissed and separated, and Delphine placed herself in the hands of the Polish maid Graf Poliakoff's kindness or scheming had provided for her.

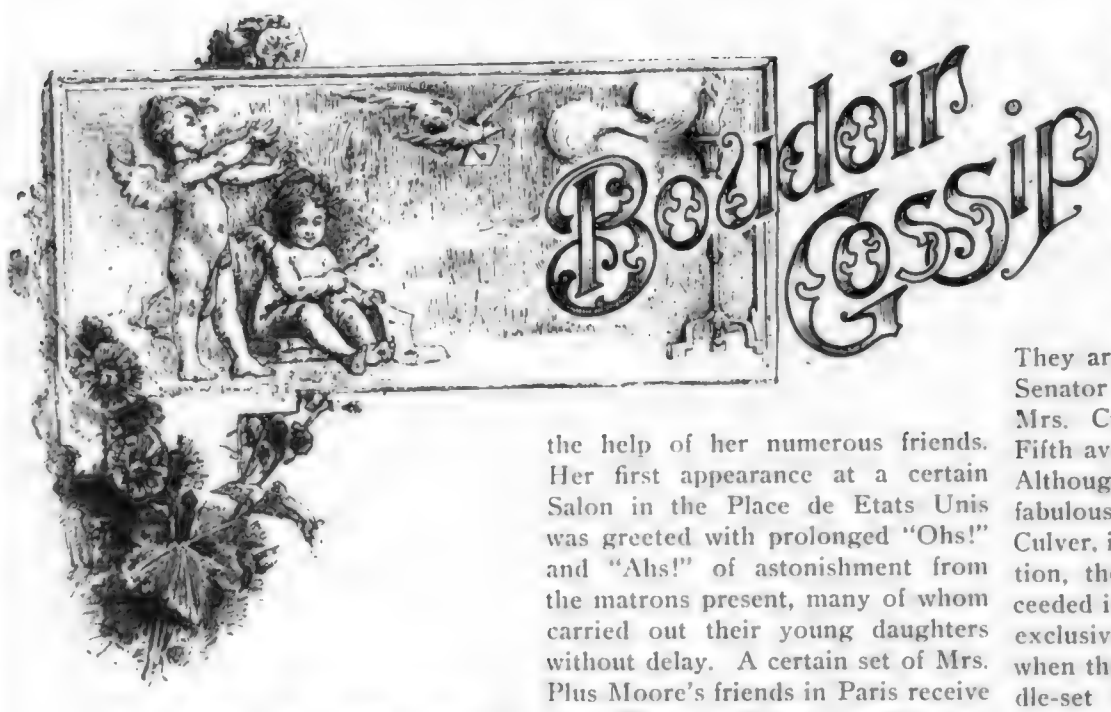
When the maid had gone, and she found herself all alone, she was on the verge of weeping. But she checked herself with the thought that she needed to keep herself cool and calm, in order to be watchful and calculating and help Bobrinski.

In spite of the deceit practised by Madame Tretiakoff, Delphine was attracted to her. She went asleep feeling that she would much rather trust her and rely on her good nature, than antagonize her in any way.

(To be continued.)

Never neglect your hand mirror. Innumerable women go on presenting unfortunate profiles and unattractive backs simply because they choose hats and arrange coiffures with reference to the front view alone.

For handsome skating costumes, see next issue.



THE event of the season after the Horse Show is and has always been the First Assembly ball. Of course, there is always a lot of fashionable names missed from the list of those attending, and women who don't or can't go endeavor to throw cold water on the affair in the shape of sarcastic allusions as to its being no longer "the thing," but as a matter of fact, the Assembly ball is the place above all others at which to be seen; and every woman in town would, secretly, move heaven and earth to be amongst those invited. The mere fact that it is under Mrs. Astor's patronage makes it go. Miss Caroline Coleman Drayton's début was arranged for this event, and the numbers of young and beautiful buds who danced themselves breathless at this, their first ball, was larger than ever. This year there were many new subscribers, Mrs. W. L. Suydam, Mrs. Henry Parish, Jr., Mrs. Edwin C. Post, Mrs. William Street, Mrs. Beverley Robinson and Mrs Louis Q. Jones. The ladies of the reception committee were Mrs. Sheldon and Mrs. Gerry, representing the older matrons, and Mrs. Edmond L. Baylies and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, representing the younger. Worthie Whitehouse and Craig Wadsworth led the cotillion.

With the First Assembly ball over, the season may be said to be in full swing; many people are still in the country, but the best part of society is certainly in town, and both the avenue and the opera present a decidedly brilliant appearance.

One reason why this season is bound to be gay is on account of the number of charming débutantes. Young people will amuse themselves and the older ones cannot but help amuse them.

The presence of Mrs. Deacon Baldwin in New York, and her friend, Mrs. Plus Moore, of Paris, recalls the scandal which cost poor, foolish Abeille his life. Mrs. Deacon Baldwin, in spite of her beauty and charm, has not succeeded in regaining her lost position in Paris, and we very much doubt she will succeed in doing it here, even with the help of her numerous friends. Her first appearance at a certain Salon in the Place de Etats Unis was greeted with prolonged "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of astonishment from the matrons present, many of whom carried out their young daughters without delay. A certain set of Mrs. Plus Moore's friends in Paris receive Mrs. Deacon Baldwin with open arms, but her blunder was too great for another set, that of the Fauborg St. German, who once welcomed her warmly, to forgive.

In spite of the worries and troubles of a domestic nature that assail Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont just now, she has never been looking better or more contented. Her former husband looks on in sly amusement and waits.

William K. Vanderbilt has been very gay of late, in spite of his mourning, and it surprised many that so soon after his brother's death he should assist at a wedding, even if it was as private as that of Mrs. Havemeyer and Mr. Beach. After all, there is nothing like sticking to an idea, no matter how unpopular it may be; this was certainly the case in Mr. Beach's love affair. He worshipped at Mrs. Carley Havemeyer's shrine long before the tragic death of poor Carley Havemeyer, and now he steps into the fortune and position and gets a handsome wife as well. Certainly few men can boast the luck he does.

There is little to be said about the "Lady from Chicago." We all know who the authors had in their mind. The book is by Edward Fales Coward, Louis Fitzgerald, P. Rupert Hughes, Jimmie Barnes—who ought to have known better—and Robert C. Sands. With J. Cheever Goodwin, who wrote most of the lyrics, as chief editor, other musical assistants were R. F. Warren, Henry K. Hadley, William F. Peters, and Melville Ellis. We fully expected to see the name of that would-be operetta writer, Thomas Pearsall Thorne, included. T. P. Thorne undoubtedly has talent, but he takes himself too seriously; therefore others don't.

Miss Edith Clark, of No. 7 West Thirty-seventh street, who was recently introduced to society, is all the time being confused with another charming Miss Edith Clark, daughter of Mrs. Charles Clark, who makes her home at the Buckingham, Fiftieth street and Fifth avenue. Miss Edith Clark, of West Thirty-seventh street, has the initial G. in her name, and will have to use it to prevent a general mix-up. She is very friendly with Marion Fish and May Sands, and both these young ladies assisted her in receiving. Miss Edith G. Clark was one of the belles at the Assembly Ball.

The multi-millionaire Clarks are to give some large affairs this winter. They are living at the Lisbon, with Senator W. A. Clark's daughter, Mrs. Culver, until their home in Fifth avenue is ready for occupancy. Although Senator Clark's wealth is fabulous, and his daughter, Mrs. Culver, is ambitious of social distinction, the Clarks have not yet succeeded in winning their way into the exclusive set; but how can they, when they gather about them a middle-set class of old friends? Mrs. Culver should take pattern by Mrs. Potter Palmer, Virginia Fair that was (now Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt), and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs. All of these women got the thin end of the wedge in through their great wealth, and the moment they accomplished this, forgot old friends with a rapidity that was startling. Exclusive New York women are not proof against wealth and magnificent entertainments, but they do hesitate about meeting a lot of social nobodies. At a recent entertainment given by the Clarks, pretty Miss Gertrude Barclay (one of Mrs. Culver's new friends, and daughter of Henry A. Barclay) was the belle of the evening, as also Mrs. Frederick Crocker.

The Henry A. Barclays have decided to stay in town. Usually they spend the winter at Lenox, at their magnificent country seat, Bonnie Brae; but they have opened their house in Madison avenue, and will probably remain there until the spring. Henry A. Barclay will have to give up his favorite pastime, four-in-hand driving, until then.

Short periods of mourning seem to be coming into fashion with the exclusive set in New York, and is an excellent change from the horrid slavery that custom required not so long ago. William C. Whitney, whose wife has been buried just six months, gave a dinner of eighteen covers at his new home, Fifth avenue and Sixty-eighth street, in honor of Lord and Lady Colebrook. He was seen, too, in his box at the Horse Show, continually, and followed the Meadow Brook hounds in a four-in-hand. Then we have W. K. Vanderbilt enjoying himself with a party of friends at the Seward Webb Farm, and acting as best man at a wedding. Of course, there will always be fanatics who glory in fashioning thralls for themselves, and in making life as sombre and as disagreeable as they can; but they are in the minority today. The fashion of short mourning comes from England, and is one of the most sensible phases of Anglo-mania that has reached us. As all who have suffered bereavement can testify, the immediate months following bereavement, because of the woe and agony filling them, seem like years in their wearisome length. Six months is enough for any sane Christian to spend in retirement, for many and various reasons, and we are glad to see men like W. K. Vanderbilt and William C. Whitney setting such a good example. Clothing one's self in black and refusing all invitations is not paying respect to the dead. Some deaths leave our hearts in mourning for a lifetime, but we all have our duties to the living, and for their sakes we are bound to make the best of the inevitable, and do what we can to make time pass as pleasantly for those around us.

The Bagby musicales are again in full swing; and that amusing little man, their promoter, Walter M. Bagby, seems to have lost little of his hold on fashionable society. Mr. Walter M. Bagby is now a Wall Street broker, but he is not yet successful enough to give up his musical mornings. People have wondered, and will go on wondering what is the power that has made this Bagby musicale enterprise so successful. His career has certainly been remarkable. A number of years ago he wrote a very silly and very sentimental novel, entitled, "Miss Traumerei." Society, thanks to Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont (then Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt), was just beginning to be musical. This novel, judiciously advertised, was seized on by them as an easy way of finding something about the new fad. It made Mr. Bagby known. Next, Mr. Bagby saw that there was a great field in the exploitation of this musical fad of society. Mr. Bagby then gathered about him a few prominent women; then he persuaded society that he was a power in the musical world, and he persuaded artists that he was a power in the social world; both persuasions had some reality behind them. Mr. Bagby then succeeded in getting various stars to sing for him, and after these musicales he would make these stars and the society women who were patronesses of his concerts acquainted with each other at delightful little luncheons. The artists were delighted to meet the society women, and the society women were delighted to meet these artists on a neutral ground. Whatever else he is, Mr. Bagby certainly has a Napoleonic talent of knowing just how to succeed. He has exploited to the utmost a very noble art and a very innocent fad. Nowadays he is very exclusive. He invariably impresses on the press that he wishes his musicales chronicled, not as concerts, but as social functions. He won't have every one, either, as a subscriber. It isn't as easy, however, as it was five years ago for him to keep the subscription list from falling off. This explains his flight to Wall Street.

Continued on page 21.

ABOUT PEOPLE

THREE American women who are attracting more than usual attention in London at present are Mrs. Ronalds, the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Randolph Churchill. They are putting aside all social engagements and devoting all their time to the relief of the English soldiers in Africa. Mrs. Ronalds, who is one of the few modern women capable of having a salon, is bringing all her influence to bear in the matter of raising funds for the hospital ship.

Lady Randolph Churchill is preparing to go to Africa to nurse her son, Winston Churchill, who is the London *Times* correspondent, and who was taken prisoner by the Boers, recently. In the capacity of a Red Cross nurse she hopes to pass through the lines.

Naturally, the "American Duchess" has heavier claims laid upon her by society, and as in England a royal invitation is a not too polite command, she cannot personally supervise, as much as she would like, the series of patriotic charities, but her name throws the scales in the desired direction.

Apropos of American women in the exclusive social set of London, the latest picture of the Countess of Craven, taken in the early Fall, shows a decided change in her. There is nothing left of the shy, timid little school-girl, half afraid of the position into which she was thrust, and who preferred the bread and butter she was more accustomed to in her nursery to the crumpets and tea served to her in fashionable drawing-rooms.

She is becoming recognized as a finished hostess, and her dinners are as successful as those of an old dowager.

Ramon Reyes Lala, the first, and, according to the last advices, the only willing Filipino citizen of the United States, is about to begin another lecture tour. Mr. Lala's book, "The Philippine Islands," met with a most flattering reception, and is about to go into another edition. Mr. Lala is a native of Manila, and was

RAMON REYES LALA.

graduated at St. John's College, England. He is very wealthy, and a splendid example of what our fellow-citizens—under protest, that is—may become.

It is noted with pleasure that Governor Roosevelt is taking boxing lessons and showing up on the football field once in a while in a sweater and a pot hat to exercise his lungs. The erstwhile Rough Rider has of late been growing round-shouldered, the result, no doubt, of bending over his desk figuring out the canal accounts.

Guy Boothby, when not writing novels, attends to his dogs or his aquarium. He collects live fish.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" fame, occupies her leisure hours in endeavoring to improve the lot of children.

Mr. W. T. Stead, that remarkable man and prolific journalist, who has been asking recently if he shall slay his brother Boer, is very fond of children and loves a frolic with them.

Miss Helen Gould is a graduate of the law department of the University of the City of New York, and her instructor was Professor Isaac Franklin Russell, dean of the law college, who is responsible for the admission of more women to the bar than any other man in the world, says the Philadelphia *Post*.

In addition to his learning, Professor Russell is famed for the lucidity of his style in lecturing. He is able to make the most perplexing legal problems as clear as simple arithmetic, even to the minds of the dullest pupils.

Once the professor was lecturing on contracts before a large class of young women. He was explaining the question of consideration, and one of the pupils found the subject difficult. With wonderful patience the professor went over the definition and illustrations half a score of times. Finally he said:

"If you will turn to page 170 of the text-book beside you, chapter 28, you will read: 'A bailor leaves a traveling bag with his friend for safe keeping, or the merchant asks a neighbor to deposit a $1,000 bill to his credit in the bank; in each of these cases we have to find the consideration in the trust and confidence reposed by the bailor in the bailee.' This principle," he added, "is illustrated by the famous case of Coggs vs. Bernard, Smith's Leading Cases, 199."

"My!" exclaimed the pupil, in wide-mouthed amazement.

"I trust," continued the professor, a trifle dubiously, "that I have made it plain to you?"

COUNTESS OF CRAVEN.

"Oh, dear, no!" returned the pupil, "I don't understand it a bit better. But won't you please tell me how you manage to remember the very words of all that stuff in that horrid book?"

"Perhaps one reason," replied the professor, as he turned to the next subject with a little sigh of resignation, "is that I wrote that horrid book."

Olive Schreiner preserves her faith in the loyalty of the Cape Dutch. Some of her utterances are extremely contentious, and therefore I shall not repeat them here. But her references to the Queen are very striking. She tells us that the bitterest feeling on the part of the Dutch in South Africa at the present time is that they are being kept from the Queen, whom they regard as "accessible, like Paul Kruger." One old farmer said: "There are two people we don't want to see dead; it is a pity they are old—one is the Queen, the other Paul Kruger; the young will never take their place." More than one, it appears, asked the authoress to go to the Queen and speak for them. Olive Schreiner goes to the length of saying that she verily believes there is not a Boer woman amongst them that would not open her heart to a wounded English soldier, and nurse him as tenderly as her own son. How pitiful is it that there should be so dark a set-off to this idyllic little picture!

Statistics recently compiled show that less than two per cent. of the male inhabitants of the United States own dress suits.

The War Department has determined not to accept the services of any more volunteer army nurses, and hereafter no one will be employed except those who have had special training.

The next number of PICTORIAL REVIEW will contain fancy dress costumes for women.

MRS. RONALDS.

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

(Descripti age 32.)

(Description page 32.)

The Heartsease Children.

ONE of the most worthy charities of the city is the Woman's Auxiliary of the Guild for the Crippled Poor Children of New York, with Mrs. Arthur Elliot Fish president. From this has sprung another branch that is doing a great deal of good. It is called Heartsease, with little Adelaide Coates, daughter of the well-known journalist, president. The badge that the little people have

WILLIAM DAVIS HAWK

chosen is an enamel pansy They invite all the little boys and girls who read PICTORIAL REVIEW, whether they live in New York or not, to join them. The little cripples have been installed in a day nursery in a suite of rooms in the Children's Aid Society, at No. 224 West Sixty-third street, and they are taken to and from the school every day in a wagonette. Teachers and trained nurses are provided for the poor little unfortunates, and they are made to feel that it is not such a terrible old world, after all, and that the Heartsease Children are their friends.

Every other Saturday the little Heartsease people will have what they call a visiting day, and will go to the school, and take some gift: it may be a game they have tired of; a toy that is no longer novel; a dollie who has been superseded; something to wear, or an edible of some kind. If any little boy or girl living out of New York will send his or her offering to Miss Adelaide Coates, No. 323 West Seventy-eighth street, it will be presented to the cripples, in the name of the donor.

The crippled children are looking forward to Christmas, and expect as fine a time as they had at their Thanksgiving feast, when they had all they could eat, and forty loaves of bread and two hundred cakes were donated by Annette and Edith Hawk to be taken home.

On New Year's Eve there will be a dinner at the school, and each child will receive toys, several suits of flannels, stockings, and mittens. Their mothers will be given a basket dinner, consisting of turkey, vegetables and cakes. Not only the thirty-eight members of the school will be present, but the children that have been discharged recently from the Post-Graduate Hospital, and the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled. There will be seventy-five in all who will partake of the feast. Afterwards, those who are well enough will recite, and games for their amusement will be arranged. Rows of stockings containing good things to eat will be hung up, and each child will hunt for the one bearing its own name.

The largest boy in the wheel-chair is William J. Heagney. His feet were cut off by a railway engine. He has been fitted with artificial feet, and as soon as he is able to walk, he will be set up in business by William Davis Hawk, who lives at the Hotel Manhattan. Baby Hawk's namesake wishes to be a florist, and as such he will start out in the business world.

The membership fee of the Hearts-

MRS. ARTHUR ELLIOT FISH.

ease Club is $1 a year and the price of the pin. PICTORIAL REVIEW will be glad to publish the letters and pictures of the members.

THE LITTLE CRIPPLES.

Do you want your hand read free of charge?

If so, fill out this coupon:

Name.....

Address.....

To take an impression of your hand, place a piece of gum camphor on a tin or metal plate. Light the gum, and hold a piece of paper above it till the paper is thoroughly smoked. Press the palm firmly on the paper, and then wet the back of paper with turpentine. After it is dry, mail, and your hand will be read by Osman, No. 170 West Twenty-third street, free of charge. With one year's subscription, in addition to a pattern, will be sent "Osman's Palmistry Instructor," in which he teaches practically the science of palmistry.

In the case of one cereal, rice, the United States produces only about half the amount its population consumes. Of all the others this country produces an enormous surplus for export.

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The next issue of PICTORIAL REVIEW will contain some gorgeous evening toilettes and handsome and appropriate skating costumes.

Boudoir Gossip.

Continued from page 16.

Musicales amongst the social set this season will be as numerous as ever. There is nothing that gives a hostess as little trouble as a musicale, and there is no form of entertainment so sure to give pleasure to all. There can be no wall-flowers at a musicale, and those who are musical are amused equally with those who are not musical; for the latter can always flirt or talk in a quiet corner of some adjoining room.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's musicales will be a feature of this season, and her Sunday afternoon entertainments, followed by dinners at Sherry's, will again be her charming way of entertaining her friends.

Mrs. George Gould's Christmas Theatricals at that country house of hers at Lakewood, with a high-sounding title, is to be a very magnificent affair. Georgian Court—somehow it smacks of the "Family Herald"—is an excellent place to entertain in, and Mrs. Gould intends to put forth every effort and make a bid for social recognition this season. She is, and always has been, a very ambitious woman, and more or less openly worried over the fact of her former profession. But nowadays, when Dukes and Earls take to the stage, and the fad of the hour is theatricals, Mrs. George Gould sees a chance to distinguish herself and return to an old love. As a matter of fact, she has never been as captivating since her marriage as she was when Miss Edith Kingdon, and there is no doubt that her social path would have been easier if she had paraded, rather than shunned and been ashamed of, her former profession. Amateur theatricals this season are all the rage, and it is only a question of a very short time till music will be dethroned as the social fad of the hour. Lady Mary Sackville will be Mrs. George Gould's guest at Georgian Court, and will take part in the theatricals. The Gould children, on their Shetland ponies, are one of the prettiest sights in Lakewood. Kingdon and Jay are quite tall lads now, and already give promise of becoming sports. As for Marjorie, she grows more like a little English girl every day.

Cards for a series of dinner-dances have been sent out by Mrs. Drexel; also, by Mrs. Oliver Harriman and Mrs. Ogden Mills. It is Mrs. Ogden Mills who has more or less given this form of entertainment its vogue. Mrs. Ogden Mills dislikes above all things a crowd, and for this reason eschews all the Assembly balls. Mrs. Thomas Hugo Pratt's dance takes place at Sherry's on Monday night. It is given for her daughter's début, Miss Harriet Wright, and will be followed by several other dinner-dances at Mrs. Thomas Hugo Pratt's residence, No. 29 Waverly place. Miss Mabel Wright is a very pretty girl, and will doubtless be one of the belles of the season.

On December 27 Mrs. Dominick's cotillon at Sherry's will take place in the large ball-room. It will be given for Miss Helen Dominick, who made her entrance into society last month at a tea given by her mother.

The Saturday Evening Dinner-Dances, which will take place at the Metropolitan Club, are organized by Mrs. Frederick Gallatin, for the very young girls of society, not yet formally introduced. Miss Sloane, daughter of Mrs. Perry Belmont and Mr. Henry Sloane, will be there, as also Miss Belmont, O. H. P. Belmont's daughter by his first wife, who is now Mrs. Rives. Then there will also be Miss Twombly and Miss Webb, Gwendolyn Burden and Kathleen Nielson; Mrs. Ogden Mills's twin daughters, and Miss Gray.

The fashion show next month at the Madison Square Garden is going to be a great success. The list of patronesses include: Mrs. John Vinton Dahlgren, Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Frederick de Peyster, Mrs. George B. de Forrest, Mrs. Jules Montant, Mrs. Arthur Peabody, Mrs. Angus Cameron, Mrs. Hooker Hammersley and Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood. The loan collection of old china, silver, miniatures, engravings, and pictures will be the cause of great rivalry amongst the old Knickerbocker families. The fashions to be shown will cover those of the past two centuries.

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LADY CURZON IN INDIA.

THERE has been a great dispute as to whether Lady Curzon should be spoken of as the Vicereine or not. The American papers usually refer to her in this manner. A very clever editorial writer, on a leading daily, declares that the use of the word shows our innate love of high-sounding titles, and makes us look absurd. He explains, at some unnecessary length, that vice means in the place of, and that the Viceroy is appointed to rule over India for the British sovereign,

LADY CURZON'S DEN.

and that he has no more right to share his title with his wife than he has to share an invitation to dinner with a brother.

Surely, Lady Curzon has titles enough without splitting hairs over this one. She has an undisputed right to share the title bestowed upon her brilliant young husband, by a graceful sovereign, for invaluable services rendered the state.

His countrymen have declared her the most beautiful, gracious and tactful hostess who ever presided over the Viceregal Lodge, and her own countrymen have voted her a fair type of perfect American womanhood.

In all probability, Lady Curzon's name will not be mentioned in the diplomatic correspondence; her friends address her as Lady Curzon, and her servants as your ladyship; so, perhaps, it does not matter how many wads of copy paper, filled with burning words on the subject, learned editors hurl at each other with Ajax force.

The Viceregal Lodge (the summer home of Lady Curzon, and where she spends most of her time) is situated on the highest and most picturesque peak of Simla. It is furnished in gorgeous Eastern splendor. The drawing rooms and grand salons look like a page from the "Arabian Nights." Given: a woman of exquisite taste, and unlimited means, in a land that is the birthplace of luxurious splendor—the result is guessed easily.

Lady Curzon's beauty has enslaved all hearts masculine, and her gorgeous gowns and jewels have dazzled and attracted the women. Recent pictures show a great change in her. Her face begins to wear that wistful, pathetic look that characterizes the Princess of Wales.

There is a quaint anecdote told of her that may explain the situation. At the close of the Simla season, in the early fall, the Knights of the Order of the Black Heart gave a ball. It is one of the most exclusive functions of India. The affair took on quite an official aspect, on account of the presence of so many dignitaries of state.

One young woman, who had received the coveted invitation, a crimson card, bearing the black heart crest, had failed to gain her father's consent to her marriage with her soldier sweetheart, an officer of Royal Artillery. The objection was lack of fortune on each side.

Lady Curzon had been looking at the dancers with a suggestion of regret in her lovely eyes. Perhaps she was thinking of the times when she was in the centre of the gayeties of such gatherings, before she was weighed down with the conventionalities of rank. As the pretty little English girl made her adieux, she was dazzled by the glitter of Lady Curzon's jewels. The tiara and twenty strings of pearls alone would have been a dowry that would have enabled her to marry her handsome sweetheart. With a burst of girlish frankness, she said: "Lady Curzon, you are the most enviable woman in the world."

"I am the loneliest woman in Simla, child," she said, with pretty patronage. "I have no opportunity to know or to make real friends."

Lady Curzon has wit, as well as beauty. When she was one of the reigning bells of Washington, a member of the British Legation, who was a notorious fortune-hunter, said to her one day:

"Ah, my deah Miss Leiter-er, I am disappointed in your countrywomen. I fail to find that originality that one hears of so much. Your dances, don't-cher-know, are just like ours, and so are all your other functions. Your women are just as anxious to marry titles as those on the fringe of society at home. I called on a charming little girl lawst evening. I was ushered into her den, and, finding a book open on her table, I picked it up. It was a copy of Burke, yer know."

Then he insinuated that the book was open at the name of his own family.

"She took an unfair advantage, for Dun cannot be consulted so easily," said Miss Leiter. "In fact, unless you are a subscriber, it is quite a difficult matter."

REVENGE.

I FOUND my old friend sitting on the steps in her library turning over the leaves of a book. She looked up when I opened the door, and smiled in her gracious way. I think her chief charm is that gracious smile, which shows that she is interested in her friends, and loves to have them about her. I thought I saw, however—nay, I was quite certain—that there was a tear in her eye. But I said nothing. "It is only a foolish old magazine," she said; "but it reminds me of the past. I am like the old Frenchwoman. 'Oh! l'heureux temps quand j'étais si malheureuse!' See!" She showed me the volume open at a picture representing a boat off the coast of Scarborough, or somewhere. A young man was steering, a girl held the lines, the boat sailing over a dancing sea before a lively breeze. "It is the year 1861," she said. "That boat would do for me. I used to go out sailing, sometimes alone and sometimes with that young gentleman. I was dressed like that, and wore a hat like that, and had my hair done like that. And he—he—," she sighed, "he looked like that. When he came with me he took the rudder—and the command. I thought, my dear friend, that he was going to take the command of my life as well as my boat. And so he would but for the jealousy of a woman." Now, I had often wondered why my friend, who by this time has quite gray hairs, and is certainly in the sixties, was never married. So I waited and listened.

She looked again at the picture. "Yes," she repeated, "he looked like that. But he was far more manly. I say that I thought—yes, I had reason to think—everybody thought." She was silent again. Then she went on. "One evening when I expected —you know what—he did not come. He went away, and I never saw him again. For a long time I never knew why—oh! quite a long time—ten years or more. Then I had a letter from him. 'I was deceived,' he said. 'I believed a lie.' He said a good deal more, but he was on his deathbed." "And this is the reason why you never married?" "Why, since I had known him there was no other man in the world," she replied. "And did you find out the author of the mischief?" "Oh! Yes. He told me in his letter." She half turned involuntarily. The window looked into the garden, where an old lady, her invalid, who lived with her, was being wheeled in the sunshine. "Yes, he told me. I learned all that she had said." "And then?" "Why—then, she was in poverty and sickness." I asked no more. The sight of the paralyzed lady in the garden was enough. This was my friend's revenge.

VICEREGAL LODGE.

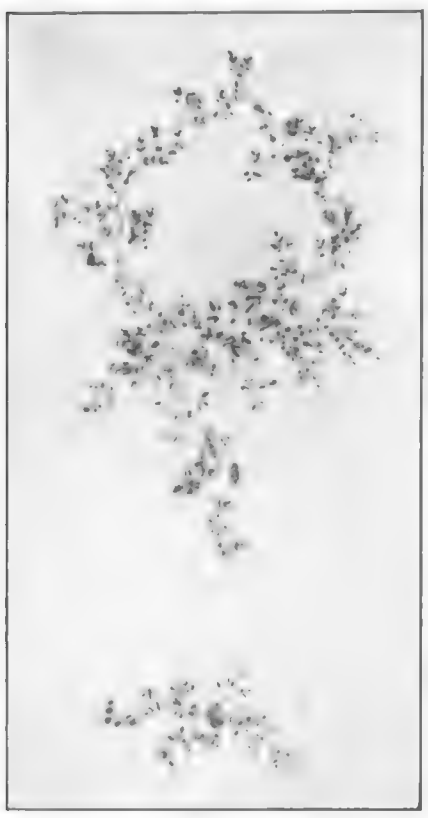
GOWNS FOR A DÉBUTANTE.

(Description on page 27.)

THE NEEDLEWOMAN.

THE new development of ribbon work is making considerable advance, and bids fair to rival, if not surpass, the finer but less effective work from which it has originated. The broad or comparatively broad ribbons (for they are about an inch in width) certainly afford opportunities for bolder effect, and are suitable to larger and more decorative pieces than the miniature galon, such as our great-grandmothers handled so skillfully. At first the new variety only appeared in a limited number of tints, but it has now been produced in a wide range of beautiful colors, plain and shaded, which suggest greatly increased possibilities for its application. One of the most charming examples of broad ribbon work I have yet met with is a bedspread, of which I am able to reproduce a portion of the design.

The quilt in question is of rich white satin; at the top, so placed as to rest upon the pillows, is a double Louis Seize bow blended of blue and white ribbon, the blue being laid down with a fine outline of black silk. A spray of quaint flowers in red and white is caught into the bow, and depending from it, as it were, by two long streamers, is a wreath of flowers, occupying the centre of the coverlet. The blossoms and leaves



A DAINTY DESIGN.

are in softly-shaded ribbons of natural tones, in which white and rosy tints predominate, happily mingled with the gold of sprigs of broom introduced here and there. More streamers of blue and white terminate at the foot with a floral festoon carried round to the sides.

The PICTORIAL REVIEW Needlewoman is still true to embroidery, however. In a recent tour of the art bazars and Woman's Exchange, she saw some exquisite bits of work in tapestry wools and filoselle.

One dainty piece of work is a portière, intended for a covering for the

IN TAPESTRY WOOLS.

back of an upright piano, to be set in the middle of the floor. It is art serge of a dull electric-blue tone: worked upon it, in tapestry wools, with brightening touches of silk, is a rather formal arrangement of huge Eastern poppies, yellow in color, with blue-green foliage and thick, woolly stems. The scheme of coloring is particularly happy, and the work has the double attraction of being both effective and easy of execution. In making a choice for reproduction, it was a matter of no little difficulty to decide between the merits of this and many other examples equally fine; for instance, portières on which dragons, gryphons or heraldic eagles of giant proportions and boldly decorative design are worked out in tapestry wools richly accentuated with fiery iridescent spangles; a door hanging with a multi-colored frieze adapted from an ancient design ornamenting some tomb of the Pharoahs; or gracefully mounted screens of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. character, with exquisitely embroidered panels, some to stand on the table as lamp screens, others for the floor. One exceedingly artistic piece was a piano back on pale gold satin sheeting worked in wools and silk with the clustering, white water-flower, known in New Zealand as the shepherd's lily, mingled with bullrushes and the broad leaves of water-weeds. Unambitious workers who are at the same time appreciative of good designs will find much that is to their taste in the simple traced borders for tea cloths. The simplest and prettiest of these is known as the Dunnage design, which formed the border to a small tablecloth of white Roman satin. Clusters of small, prim-looking flowers were worked in a pretty shade of rose pink, and twining among their stems was an interlacing "snail-trail" in blue, contrasting well with the greens of the leaves. An ordinary buttonhole stitch sufficed for the greater part of the work. Borders such as this are as easy to do as they are satisfactory when finished, and are exactly the kind of embroidery to be recommended to elderly or not very expert workers.

The Queen of the Belgians has been in direct opposition to the remarriage of the Princess Stephanie, widow of the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. Princess Stephanie is her Majesty's second daughter, and has not been on good terms with her for years. The two elder Belgian Princesses were married when they were under seventeen, and both marriages were unhappy. The elder, Princess Phillip of Coburg, is in an asylum, although there is little doubt that her recklessness was the chief if not the only cause of her being placed there. Princess Stephanie took her sister's part, but has been quite unable to secure her liberation. Obstacles to the second union of Princess Stephanie are said to be not yet removed, although Count Lonyay has been received into the Roman Catholic Church. The only daughter of the bride-elect is soon to be betrothed to Duke Robert of Würtemburg, who is about twenty-six. The Archduchess Elizabeth is not seventeen.

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THAT women are "uncertain and hard to please" is a stubborn fact. Sometimes cleverness overcomes the condition. This is especially notable in B. Greenstein's Ladies' Tailoring Establishment, 54 West 35th Street, near Fifth Avenue. His ideal consists in the correctly costumed "tailor-made girl." To be such a girl or woman means much. It means that every detail of her costume, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, must be in absolute harmony—every line, from the design to the finish, must show the touch of an artist. Mr. Greenstein is an artist and a fitter of more than ordinary skill, and has among his patrons the most fashionably dressed women in this country. The excellence of taste in tailor-made gowns and the large variety of styles on exhibition since the opening of the fall and winter seasons have certainly made the desired impression. No lady can ignore visiting Mr. B. Greenstein's, at 54 West 35th Street, without missing many attractions that will not be seen at any other ladies' tailoring establishment.

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MUSIC.

THE sensation of last month in music has been the advent of that marvellous artist, Alexander Petschnikoff. He played first here with the Philharmonic orchestra, and at two Kaltenborn concerts, and was heard in the music of Bach, of Tschaikowsky, Mendelssohn and Wieniawski. In every sense of the word, he is a great artist, possessing not only wonderful technique, and the best qualities of the virtuoso, but as well the highest musical intelligence. He more nearly approaches the combined excellence of Joachim and Sarasate than any other violinist we have heard. While his interpretation of Bach is as broad and noble and free from all trickery as ever Joachim's was, Petschnikoff still possesses in music of the Wieniawski order all that witching grace and romance so seldom found in performers who play classical music as it should be played. There are so few artists that are not specialists in either the romantic or classical phase of music that Petschnikoff's gifts strike one as all the more extraordinary, especially as he draws the line between the two so closely and rigidly in his interpretation. In his reading of Bach, for instance, he has absolutely no romantic leanings, and he is the first violinist outside of Joachim—who, of course, studied the concerto under the composer—who has steered clear of the sentimental in the Mendelssohn concerto. At the Kaltenborn concert Petschnikoff was hampered by a miserably poor accompaniment. Nevertheless, his playing was remarkable in its charm and beauty of tone, and phrasing, and in its poetry. Petschnikoff is engaged to play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and an opportunity to hear him should not be missed.

Another young artist who has made quite a success is Mark Hambourg, who possesses technique quite as marvellous as Josef Hofman's, but far greater industry. Hambourg is undoubtedly one of the surest fingered young pianists we have listened to in a long while, and gives promise of becoming quite a great artist when he learns to think more deeply. At present, he has a little too much of the student in him—he who has worked for the approval of a professor, rather than for his own artistic satisfaction. He is too little of a dreamer, but he is a mere youth yet, and complete development cannot for a moment be thought of in his case. At present he is more agreeable in music requiring temperament and technique, than in music requiring the higher poetic qualities of interpretation, not because his musical soul is shallow, but because it is still unawakened.

Paderewski, of course, is this month's musical lion, and comes to us playing better than ever. The tickets for his four recitals here are all gone, only standing room and a few odd seats that chance may return to the box office being all that late comers will find. Eight thousand dollars of subscription tickets to the four concerts were sold before seats for single performances were put on sale. In London twelve hundred pounds is the money made at each of his concerts, which is just two hundred pounds more than any other pianist, not even omitting Rubinstein, has taken in at St. James's Hall. Paderewski's unparalleled popularity in this country has been ascribed by jealous confrères and agents as due to the hysteria of the matinée girl; but, if so, then the matinée girl has excellent taste. As we said before, he is playing better than ever, and the beautiful singing quality of his touching is as wonderful as it has always been. Paderewski is alone to-day past-master of pedaling and part playing. Every voice in the composition he renders has its own particular individuality, and it is this that distinguishes Paderewski's playing and makes it superior to that of other artists. In Bach and Beethoven, Paderewski is too much of a Pole: that is, too emotional, to give the ultra-classical reading this music requires; but in Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, and music of the romantic school, he has no equal, now that Rubinstein is dead. Those who would make comparisons, and it is by comparison we chiefly learn, should listen to Vladimir Pachmann and his playing of Chopin, and hear Paderewski as soon after as possible. They will then see what a difference there is in Chopin technique and Chopin interpretation, the first of which Pachmann certainly possesses, and the latter of which he is altogether a stranger to.

BOOKS.

ONE of the most difficult tasks in literary art is the writing of a good short story. A group of these by Mr. Arthur J. Stringer, entitled, "The Loom of Destiny," issued by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, show remarkable skill and cleverness. They are tales about children—mostly children of the slums—and, although the author sees rather the sad than the joyous side of life, there is a delightful vein of humor, and the absence of that mawkish sentimentality, usually characteristic of stories of this class, is refreshing. Mr. Stringer has succeeded in painting, in few colors, many emotions, and has quite a Balzacian talent of ending, yet claiming the reader's attention as keenly as at the beginning.

Mr. John G. Millais's biography of his father, Sir John Millais (Frederick A. Stokes & Co.) is the best we have had yet of the great English artist, and throws some new and curious light on the pre-Rafaelite movement. It contains a mass of anecdote, conveying much that is new and unknown of the art and artists of the period in which Millais worked. It is a book that should be in every artist's library.

ART.

NOW that Christmas presents are bothering half of creation, and novelties are so eagerly sought after, Mrs. E. P. R. Pollini's small exhibition of pastel drawings at No. 25 West 114th street, should be visited by those who want something pretty and artistic. The delicate beauty of pastel work appeals more especially to the fastidious and artistic, and a specimen of this art makes a valuable Christmas gift.

The choice of Christmas cards to send to one's friends is always a great test of the artistic taste of the sender, and those who have friends all over the globe will be glad to hear of the latest things in this line which Roe & Biehler, of No. 54 West Twenty-third street, have just placed on the market. These are small, oval, tinted or untinted, photographs, with "A Merry Christmas" lithographed on the card. Hitherto Christmas cards have been sent only to be thrown after the holidays into the waste-paper basket, or given to the children for their scrap-books; but this excellent idea of Roe & Biehler will revolutionize Christmas card sending, and will turn what was but a silly fashion at best, into a useful and intelligent custom. The photograph sent as a Christmas card is something to keep and value, and Roe & Biehler will be congratulated on their ingenuity.

That excellent portrait painter and water-color artist, Mr. George Holston, up to a short time ago, was a frequent exhibitor at the water-color exhibitions. He was a graduate of the Kensington Art School of England, and came to this country over a decade ago. Harry Lee, Robert V. Sewell, Leslie Cauldwell, of Paris, Albert Herter, and Herbert J. Levy, Directors of the Metropolitan Art School, are some of his prominent pupils. It has always been a matter of regret that George Holston should be so passionately fond of teaching, for he has done valuable work in portrait painting. His faculty of catching likeness and the rich, warm tones he employs make a singularly faithful, yet always brilliant picture. The best portrait of Theodore Havemeyer—although he had his portrait painted by all the great French artists who have come to his country—is undoubtedly that of Mr. Holston, and it is the latter hangs in the place of honor in the Havemeyer household.

One of the most interesting visitors we have this season is the Hungarian painter, Madame Vilna Parlaghy, daughter of Baron Zollendorf. Makart and Lembach were her masters, and her work shows great genius and power. She has painted the Emperor and Empress of Germany, Field-Marshal Von Moltke, Prince Bismarck, and more or less all the prominent men and women of the German Court. Her portraits of the King and Queen of Wurtemburg created quite a sensation, the latter presenting the talented artist with a beautiful pearl necklace, which she seldom leaves off. Madame Parlaghy has been decorated with the gold medal of the Paris Salon, and holds numerous other medals and decorations from the various European exhibitions.

The American Water Color Exhibition will be held this season in the Hotel Astoria, from February 5 to February 17. This will be the thirty-third annual exhibition, and will last twelve days. The Hanging Committee and Jurors of Selection includes Albert Herter, Albert Sterner, F. K. M. Rehn, F. C. Jones, E. L. Henry, C. C. Curran, A. F. Bricher, Horatio Walker, Thomas Moran, George W. Maynard, J. Francis Murphy, W. J. Whittemore, F. de Thulstrup, Henry P. Smith, and J. Wells Champney, Exhibits must be sent to W. S. N. Buddsworth & Sons, No. 424 West Fifty-second street, and no work valued at less than $75 will be accepted.

The Home Dressmaker.

Conducted by OLIVIA BELL.

WITH the present issue the PICTORIAL REVIEW changes slightly from its original course, and begins the most valuable series of articles for amateurs and professional dressmakers that it is possible to present. For many years the American Fashion Company has held a foremost place. Both at home and abroad, in the very centres of fashion, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, its publications have an acknowledged place; an accepted, unrivalled value. Being completely in touch with all the best and highest sources of information and creation the publishers are enabled to offer in PICTORIAL REVIEW, not alone up-to-date and authentic styles, but to so far forecast the future as to allow subscribers hidden in the most remote hamlet to adopt the latest and best, and to be assured of what is correct and smart as early in the season as can those women who live in the centres and come in contact with leading tailors and importers. Already the familiar illustrated volumes are widely circulated and known. It is not too much to say that they are looked for and regarded as authority by the best makers of women's gowns. No pains, no expense, has been spared to accomplish the result. The finest artists are employed; the entire workmanship is the best. In offering PICTORIAL REVIEW for one dollar a year, we are also offering the unprecedented opportunity to secure the most practical and finest designs given in those more costly periodicals; with the addition of valuable practical articles, besides such general literature as always provides a feast.

In this, the amateur department, we purpose giving authentic information as to materials, trimming, novelties, and all the details that go to make up a gown, practical suggestions as to selection and making, advice when such is needed, with every month a lesson on dressmaking by an authority known and recognized by all who study and understand the subject. In addition to all this, we will answer letters, either in the REVIEW or by mail, as preferred, and will give each individual subscriber the full benefit of our extended opportunities and our advance and accurate knowledge.

It has been well and wisely said that style and distinction depend more upon cut and finish than upon the material chosen. The simplest homespun in the hands of an artist becomes elegant and smart. For the small sum of one dollar we make it possible for every amateur and every small dressmaker to accomplish the same end. The illustrations will show all that is best and newest. The lessons in dressmaking will teach how to cut, fit and finish after the most approved method. The various articles will treat timely topics and be replete with suggestions. The correspondence department will enable us to keep in touch with individuals and to supply their needs. In brief, PICTORIAL REVIEW is a necessity and offers opportunities and advantages hitherto unknown; for, while innumerable fashion publications are offered, none possess the quality and embody the advantages we purpose giving. Cheap styles, second-rate illustrations abound. Such beautiful art work, such authentic yet advance designs, such practical aid have never before been brought together; have singly been obtainable only at four or five times the amount. For one dollar, the price of the least competent and cheapest magazines published, we offer the best in all the lines which we introduce or later may take up.

To become a subscriber means not alone to be abreast of the times, but to lead. We do not follow where others have gone before: we produce styles, and to-day exercise a recognized influence upon the great cities abroad, as well as upon New York. Our sanction in itself may make, and has made, one garment or another a success. Those who follow PICTORIAL REVIEW will need no other guide, and can always be certain of smartness in every detail.

SUITABLE GOWNS FOR DEBUTANTES.

IF all the world loves a lover, it also loves in no less degree the winsome lassies who are just about to enter its doors, and stand abashed or hesitating at the portals before they venture in. Next to a wedding, a presentation party has its place in all feminine hearts. After the wedding-gown, that of the débutante lies nearest our affections. It must be dainty and pure as the girl herself. It must be exquisitely fine and finished; it must be as simple as can be; and, withal, it must be worn without jewels; but when all these esentials have been heeded there yet remains a wide range of choice, and ample opportunity for individuality in cut, material and style.

The general law of the season calls for unstiffened, clinging stuffs. Crêpe de chine, mousseline de soie, chiffon, and the softest of silks are all held in esteem, but nothing rigid is in good style at any age, while for the débutante all such are absolutely tabooed. Again, it is always well to bear conservatism in mind, and to look to it that a girl's bow is made in a gown that does not run to extremes. Long skirts are the rule, but the débutante's should be more moderate than her mamma's. Low bodices are essential to evening dress, but the girl who enters her first season should have them moderately as well as modestly cut. Lovely young throats and plump girlish arms are exquisite, but the line between allowing their beauty to be seen and the gown that is unpleasantly décolleté needs to be rigidly drawn.

Chiffon and all similar things have a great vogue, and are peculiarly well suited to these special gowns. While the first is lovely, it is perishable, but Liberty gauze or mousseline make much the same effect and can be trusted to endure far more and far longer. Some of the loveliest of the season's gowns include deep flounces of one or the other with the long skirt falling over. Whenever such are used the flounce is mounted on the foundation and the outer skirt joined to the under at the belt. As yet actual double skirts of the material are unknown. While the effect is the same, the cost and the labor are less and the graceful, clinging effect is more certain to result. Stiffening of any sort is out of date. The foundation skirt, to be correct, must be simply hemmed or faced with a three-inch pinked frill on the under side.

Bodices are well cut and carefully fitted before the outer material is touched. It is then laid on full or draped, and seamed only under the arms and at the shoulders. Only tailored gowns are cut piece for piece.

On page 23 are four illustrations, which provide ample suggestions.

Number one shows a gown of mousseline, which is especially well adapted to tall girls. The lower portion of the skirt is plain, finished, with a plissé frill attached to its edge and headed with a ruche caught into place with tiny Marguerites. The upper portion and bodies are shirred to form full puffs, between which are bands of white velvet ribbon, and outlining the frill portion are Marguerites arranged in groups. The half-sleeves, which are a feature of the season, are singularly becoming to long arms, and are often preferred for these special gowns, on the ground that they are more modest than those which leave the entire arm uncovered.

Number two is of net enriched with appliqué of silk, outlined with crystal. The deep pleated flounce is of lace, and is attached to the foundation of silk, while the tunic of net is simply faced and hangs free from the waist. The bodice is half-low, and includes a deep yoke and sleeves of lace, with the lower portion of net laid in deep pleats.

Number three is of white crêpe de chine and makes an ideally simple gown. The long skirt is finished with a flounce, attached to it by means of a lattice work of silk threads, which gives an effect of double hemstitching, and is not over difficult, while it is charming in the extreme. Beneath it, attached to the foundation, are circular folds of the crêpe laid one over the other. The bodice is tucked and slightly full, with a garniture of pale pink roses, and the full, long sleeves are cut away to show the prettiest portion of the arm. At the waist, finished with a full bow, is a belt of white satin ribbon, from which hangs a long sash of the crêpe tucked and edged with a frill.

Number four is charming in every sense, and can be successfully made by any woman at all skilled with the needle. The plissé frill upon the foundation is of chiffon, but the gown proper is embroidered gauze, the scalloped edge of which is finished with pearl trimming. The full, simple waist is finished plissé, with a jabot of chiffon; and frills of the same attached to satin ribbon are attached to the armholes, and arranged to partially drape the arms.

Answers to Correspondents.

(Communications for this column must be addressed to Olivia Bell).

To Olivia Bell:

Will you suggest a suitable waist to wear with a handsome, black broadcloth skirt? The gown is designed for my young daughter, and I would like something bright without being over gay.—MOTHER.

Persian panne velvets are exceedingly smart, and seem to me to provide just what you want. A very pretty one recently imported is made with a yoke of plissé white gauze and bertha-like collar of heavy white lace. You will find excellent models in the earlier numbers of PICTORIAL REVIEW.

To Olivia Bell:

I feel obliged to remodel last year's coat. It is not really worn, but does not look quite fresh. Can you advise me as to how to get good results?—EMMA M.

If possible, let a tailor cut your coat shorter, and alter the sleeves. While you might do it yourself, it is difficult work, and requires skill. You can, however, braid the coat with black as elaborately as you please, and so freshen it, besides giving an up-to-date touch. Braiding is much used this year, and serves to conceal many a defect.

To Olivia Bell:

My little girl of eight is in need of a party frock. Will you tell me what to get and how to make it?—YOUNG MOTHER.

Point d'esprit net is much used, and is charming. Make the skirt straight and full, with a deep hem and five rows of narrow white satin ribbon. The waist should be in full baby style, with narrow frills at the neck and finishing the sleeves. Let your little girl wear a guimpe made entirely of Valenciennes lace and insertion, and use a lawn foundation for the gown. Silk is too heavy and old in effect. The lawn preserves the fairy-like quality desired.

BODICES FOR GENERAL WEAR.

WHATEVER may or may not be urged against odd waists, however earnestly a few dressmakers may struggle to accomplish their downfall, they make an accepted and notable feature of the season's styles and grow more varied and more beautiful as the months roll on. Eccentric and unreasonable as fashions often appear, women who lead in such matters are not wholly given over to caprice, and anything so eminently desirable, tasteful and comfortable as these bodices undoubtedly are, is difficult to kill.

At the moment, flannel, plain and embroidered, leads for morning wear, but cashmere is a close rival. Drap d'été is preferred by many smart women, and fine soft broadcloth is used by certain exclusive tailors who claim that it has merits which no other material quite equals. More elaborate styles, those designed for theatre wear, for home dinners and the various semi-formal afternoon occasions, apparently know no limit nor law save that of elegance and effect.

The illustrations show five admirable models for simple stuffs, all of which are well adapted to the requirements of the amateur dressmaker. Being simple, they are not difficult to make and should not over-tax any clever woman's skill, although care should be taken to secure the satisfactory foundation and fit, which only a well-cut pattern can insure.

Number one is of finest satin-faced broadcloth, which is soft and not too heavy. In the model the color is a delicious shade of castor, and the trimming bands of narrow black velvet ribbon, but flannel or cashmere are equally suitable, and the color can be varied to suit individual tastes and needs. White, which is a feature of the season, is charmingly youthful, and is peculiarly lovely in fine cloth. Bright colors, as pink and blue, are both smart and girlish, and, at the same time, they show soil less readily. The buttons in the plastron should, however, be selected with care, and would better be of cut steel, as the brilliant, scintillating material greatly heightens the effect.

Number two is in fine French flannel, showing stripes of tender turquoise blue and white, with collar and yoke of pure white, and trimming of narrow black velvet ribbon, which gives it a Parisian touch. It is charming and simple, but almost innumerable variations might be suggested, while adhering to the same general design.

Number three is of the always handsome drap d'été in soft, creamy white. The material being somewhat heavier than cashmere takes rather richer folds, but otherwise has much the same effect. The full front is simply gathered and allowed to fall as it will. The revers, which are self-faced, turn back over bands of heavy lace beading, and are caught down with fascinating buttons of smoked pearl.

Number four is extremely smart and suited alike to such simple things as cashmere and flannel, and to silks, although the former are really more to be desired from the standpoint of style as well as durability. In the illustration the material is henrietta cloth in a pastel shade of reseda, embroidered with white, with collar, cuffs and front garniture of velvet in a slightly deeper tone.

Number five is made of fine French flannel, showing a hair-line check, and is finished with black frogs, and has collar and cuffs of black velvet. Besides being chic in the extreme it is practical and comfortably snug-fitting. The bit of velvet at the front, which may have fringed ends, gives a distinctly French touch and is in the best taste. Both models can be copied in varying materials and made to produce equally good and possibly more unique results.

HOUSE GOWNS AND NEGLIGEES

HOUSE GOWNS and negligees have passed out of the realm of luxuries and become an essential part of the wardrobe of to-day. The increased and increasing formality of dress, which demands that every occasion shall have its suitable garment, make it imperative that the hours at home should mean their own garb, and, in addition, we have at last learned that truest economy is so served. To be really well dressed, a woman requires a breakfast gown and a lounging jacket as imperatively as she does a tailored suit for wear upon the street.

The designs illustrated are all practical, all attractive, and in the latest styles. Number one is a breakfast gown, at once elegant and sufficiently loose for comfort, without the least suggestion of the sloppy and distasteful wrapper. As shown, it is made of pale blue flannel, with the deep sailor collar of a darker blue, and the plastron of white. The combination is admirable, and suited to many needs, but cashmere can be substituted if one prefer, and the color scheme can be varied again and again.

Number two shows a negligée in jacket form, which is made bewitching with soft, feminine frills of lace. The model is of pink crêpe in silk-and-wool, which can be purchased for $1.25 a yard, and is 45 inches wide, with a trimming of Lièrre lace; but both foundation and frills can be simplified or enriched, as taste or the purse demand.

Number three is a wrapper that provides for the hours of relaxation, yet is tasteful at the same time. Wise women reserve such for the privacy of the bedroom or boudoir, and for those hours of convalescence which come to us, but are careful that they shall exist, for the need is certain to arise. As illustrated, the model is of cashmere, in automobile red, and is made extremely attractive with a deep ornamental collar of lace laid over white, while the pleated plastron is of pleated white silk. As a guide, nothing could be better, for it is replete with suggestions; but it can be simplified and reduced in cost without loss of general style or effect. The foundation could be flannel or one of the light-weight serges, and the collar be made of silk edged with a frill; or, again, the still less costly cotton eiderdowns can be utilized, with the plastron still white, but the collar of taffeta or India in some dark harmonizing color.

Number four illustrates a second style of wrapper that is somewhat closer fitting, and can with propriety be used as a breakfast gown as well. The long box-plaits are exceedingly becoming to all short or stout figures, and provide ample freedom without that suggestion of loose undress that is so distasteful. The material, which is striped flannel, serves to still further enhance the effect, while the touches of velvet in collar, belt and bow lend a dignity, and the lace gives a final softening touch.

Number five is essentially a bath or lounging robe. As illustrated, the material is the lovely new Zanana, a striped silk, with wool back, that is soft and warm as down, yet light as the traditional feather; but simple tufted silk will give equal warmth, and sturdy eiderdown has merits which nothing more costly can throw into the shade.

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES

A READER has asked advice about suitable decorations and a good menu for a luncheon at which the engagement of her niece and a popular young naval officer is to be announced. It was hinted that no expense was to be spared, and that all to be considered is an artistic effect.

The accompanying illustration is a sufficient hint to the ordinary wise. The color scheme of the luncheon should be green and white. The cloth may be inlaid with lace, and the undercover should be green satin, with a brilliant gloss. Or the centerpiece should be lace, over the satin. The illustration shows a sugar cupid, dragging up an anchor of white roses and green leaves by cables of smilax vines, to tie it to a heart of white roses. The heart is pierced by an arrow of green leaves, tipped with a crimson rose. An idea might be stolen from the well-known novel, "Cupid in Shoulder Straps," and the small god could wear straps, indicating the rank of the groom-elect.

From the cupid's feet narrow cables of smilax run to the edge of the table, enclosing each cover, and fall, with bows of green and white satin ribbon, to the floor. From one bow to another is festooned loops of smilax. The candles are green with white rose petal shades. The souvenirs are tiny, cat-rigged boats of silver, with masts of gold wire, or mother-of-pearl, and on the broad sail of bolting cloth the menu is printed in gold letters, or hand-painted, since no expense is to be spared. Attached to the boat by a slender chain should be a small silver anchor, bearing the date and initials of "the happy pair." The boats could be made of cardboard, covered with gilt paper.

The menu should be as follows: Oysters, cold bullion in cups, white wine, sweetbreads, broiled squab or chicken on toast, French peas, mushrooms in cream, pealed tomatoes, stuffed with chopped celery, covered with mayonnaise dressing, and served on a lettuce leaf; claret, port or, more appropriate, champagne, olives and almonds. The ices should be white and green, and after the crackers, cheese and coffee, green mint cordial should be served.

There is nothing more artistic than a piano seat. An upright piano, not a very graceful piece of furniture, becomes a thing of beauty when put some distance from and facing the wall, and the back draped with a silk scarf or piece of tapestry, toning in with the decorations of the room, and a low bench with stiff arms is placed beside the piano and covered with the same material as the drapery on back, and piled with pillows.

Olive Sandwiches.

Cut very thin slices of bread from a loaf a day old; cut off the crusts, spread the slices with a little butter; chop olives very fine (the stuffed ones are the best for the purpose), mix the chopped olives with a little mayonnaise; spread over the bread. Serve on a folded napkin. These are very nice to serve at receptions or teas.

Mayonnaise Dressing.

To one egg yolk add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of red pepper, one tablespoonful of vinegar and about three-quarters of a cupful of olive oil, the oil to be added to the egg drop by drop at the beginning until one-quarter of a cupful is added, then the vinegar and the remainder of the oil.

Ambrosia.

Cut four oranges, after peeling them, into small pieces. Peel four or five bananas. Cut them into thin slices. Cut pineapple into shreds. Whip one pint of cream till quite thick. Put a layer of each of the fruits, with a sprinkling of granulated sugar between each layer, then when half of the fruits are in the dish, cover with half of the cream; then arrange the remaining fruit in layers and cover with the remaining cream. The cream may be sweetened with powdered sugar.

Corn Bread with Sour Milk.

Beat two eggs separately; add to one cupful of sour milk and one cupful of sweet milk two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, then add one tablespoonful of sugar or molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, the yolks of the eggs well beaten and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water; then add one cupful of sifted flour and two and one-quarter cupfuls of corn meal; beat this batter vigorously after adding the whites of the eggs well beaten; put into a buttered pan and bake half an hour in a rather quick oven.

Cerealine Pudding.

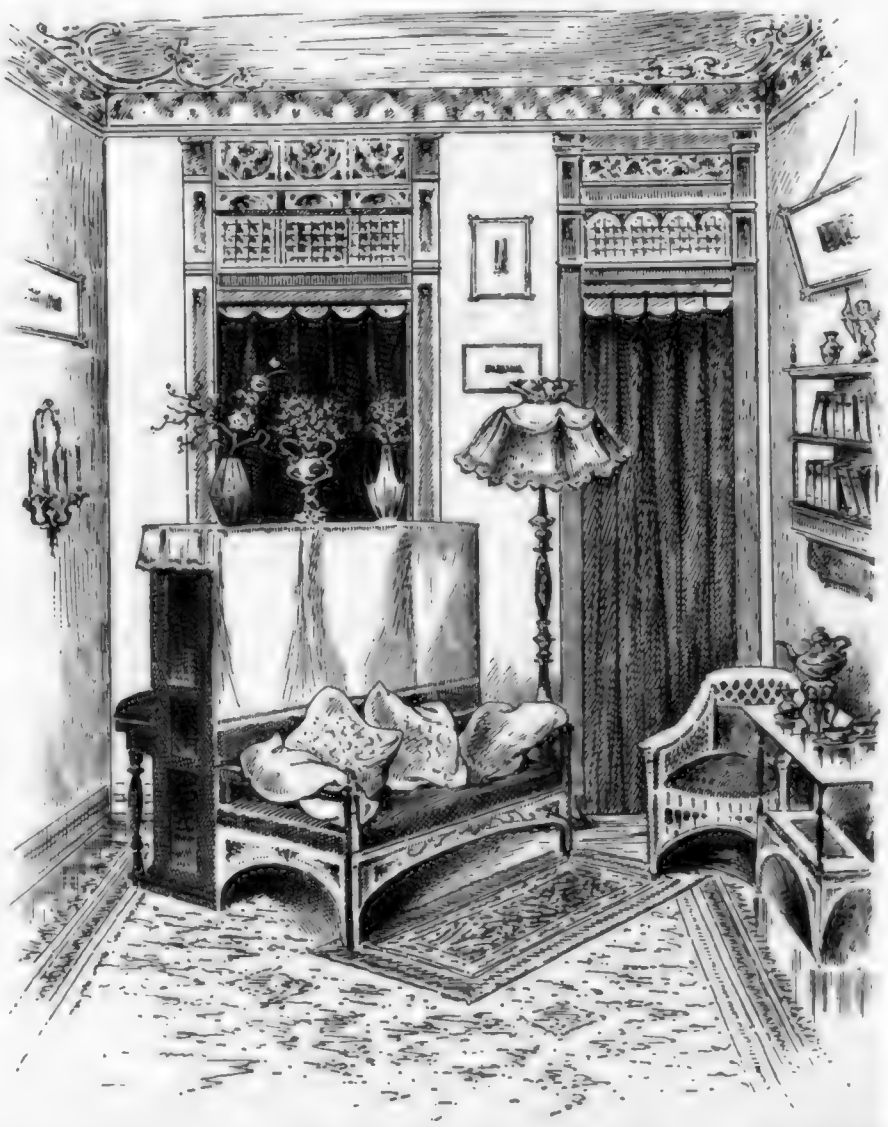
Scald one quart of milk; pour over it two cupfuls of cerealine; add to this one-half of a cupful of molasses, two level teaspoonfuls of salt. Pour this into a buttered baking dish. Add one tablespoonful of butter in small pieces. Put into a slow oven and bake one hour. Serve with cream.

Chocolate Pudding.

Soak two cupfuls of stale bread crumbs thirty minutes in one quart of milk. Put two squares of Baker's chocolate in a small pan. Put this pan over hot water when the chocolate has melted, add one-half of a cupful of sugar and one cupful of the milk the bread is soaking in. Pour this over the bread and milk remaining. Add another quarter of a cupful of sugar, two eggs, well beaten, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour this into a buttered pudding dish and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with a cream sauce.

Pan Fish Fried.

Wash and clean the small fish; dry them thoroughly and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roll them in corn meal and sauté them in pork fat; re-immerse in deep fat; drain them. Garnish them with parsley and potato balls.



CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

EVERY one is struggling with the question of the hour—what to send friends and relatives for Christmas. It is a problem that is difficult to solve, and especially annoying to the busy man and woman. Presents are assuming a more practical form each year, and even the trifles "sent but to prove a thought" have some use. In this line there are countless pretty nothings in silver for the toilette and desk. Nail files, et cetera, come from 49 cents to $3. The whole sets, with boxes for salve and powder, file, scissors, et cetera, are $5.50 to $50. The desk sets range from $7.50 to $50. The silver combs and brushes are to be had from $1.50 for the two, to $20 for the brush and $6 for the comb.

No matter how many gloves a woman has, they make an acceptable present. There is not a sufficient change in gloves from season to season to make those left over useless.

Handkerchiefs are always appreciated, and very pretty point lace ones cost $1 and range to $60, while the latest and most dainty for practical use are of finest linen hemstitched, with the initial in one corner, surrounded by a wreath of tiny flowers embroidered in white, and sell for varying prices, from 50 cents to $2. A half-dozen or less, even a single one, makes an acceptable offering, and embodies that element of taste which is always essential. To further enhance their value, they are put up in attractive boxes, or can be enclosed in a perfumed case of silk or etched leather that can be made at home, and need not greatly add to the cost.

Etched leather, while not new, has taken new forms, and at its best is so thoroughly artistic as to commend itself at a glance, and the various objects etched in wood are both fascinating and practical. Among the former, magazine covers at $1.50, memorandum books at 75 cents, cases enclosing playing cards at $1, shaving paper cases for approximately the same amount, charming finger purses in suède, with the initial burnt in, and clipping books with covers, either of the leather or heavy Agra linen, suggest themselves at once. Every woman knows that the men folk cause greatest anxiety. Their wants are fewer, their tastes more limited. The fact that these etched trifles are essentially masculine in itself commends them to consideration, and serves to lighten the burden of thought. Among the wooden objects, handkerchief and scarf boxes are peculiarly noticeable, at the same time their cost does not run over two or three dollars. The pillows, which are perhaps the greatest novelty of all, cost $5 and upwards, and they are durable in the extreme; they are genuinely artistic, and they suit a library or man's den as no other material does or can.

Really fine leathers, seal, alligator, monkey, walrus and the like, are not new, but always elegant and do take new forms. Stud purses are charming. In place of a clasp, they are closed by means of a stud passed through buttonholes, and said stud can be plain gold or jewelled, as one may prefer. The purses alone sell for $5 or thereabouts; the cost of the stud varies, naturally, according to the selection made. Portfolios are always useful, always welcome. Those of alligator run from $5 to $50; those of seal from $2.50 up. Bags and satchels mean all prices, and are shown in all grades, from the simple plain one to its elegant rival fitted with silver or aluminum for those to whom weight is a consideration. Far simpler and costing only $1 or thereabouts are the books for golf scores and little memorandum tablets, with weekly calendars attached.

Trinkets are of all sorts and all prices. And, as it has been said that they are certain to find the road to a woman's heart, there should be no difficulty for those who aim to reach that goal. Among the less costly are fascinating designs, all silver and silver plated with gold. The former are, many of them unique, being oxidized and ornamented with tiny leaves of flowers in two qualities of gold, which means two shades of yellow, or are made rich and handsome with semi-precious stones, such as fresh-water pearls and almondines. The latter are made in medallion style, and include lovely carved heads set round with flowers. Both include brooches for the neck and hair, belt and collar clasps, and those chains and pendants which all women love. Prices vary, but never run to an extreme: the medallion brooches cost all the way from $8 to $15; the pendants from $6 up, and exquisite silver designs from $15 to $30, while such simple things as scarf-holders can be had for $6. Besides all these, there are sets of six stick-pins in semi-precious stones for $10; hat-pins of fresh-water pearls for $3, and innumerable pins and clasps of gold, both plain and set with jewels, which can be made to cost any amount.

Toys appear to know no limit, no law, save that of extremes. To judge by the display, dealers seek to destroy imagination, rather than to foster the God-given gift; but, in spite of criticism, they are sold by the score, and many sensible as well as attractive things are to be found. If toy ice-cream freezers savor of the absurd, and refrigerators capable of holding real ice suggest possible colds and a realism, one feels to be unwise, dolls are fascinating in the extreme, and building-blocks have become educational, as well as alluring. Among the novelties in this latter line are admirable sets, capable of making houses with real architectural effects, which cost all the way from $1 to $6; picture sorts that show our recent naval achievements for $1; and kindergarten wooden blocks that join together to make objects of various sorts, for the same amount. In addition, boys' hearts can be made glad by drums for any price, from 50 cents to $3; girls, with charming little desks in white enamel, painted with flowers, for $3.50; royal dolls for $5, or simpler ones for as little as one, with all the equipment to go therewith that could be demanded by a society belle.

MODELS BY H. SILVERMAN

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OUR GARMENTS ARE ALWAYS UP-TO-DATE

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FASHIONS BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

(Descriptions of pages 10 & 11.)

THE gowns worn by leading women this season have been particularly handsome. Anna Held wears a gown in "Papa's Wife" that is one of the sensations of the season.

Can you fancy a gown that fits like the proverbial glove, without a seam or a dart anywhere in it? Miss Held wears such a gown in the last act. The cutter of that gown deserves a first place in the ranks of modern thinkers. He should be adopted as the patron saint of all dressmakers and tailors. How is it done? My dears, if I knew, the PICTORIAL REVIEW would be minus its distinguished fashion writer. I would be out offering part of the earth, which I owed, for sale. The goods is wide enough to fall into a graceful train without a gore, and the upper part of the princess robe is stretched to fit the figure. Over the right hip are a few folds. The whole gown is spangled with rhinestones, well cut, and set in silver.

The gown opens from the yoke to the feet. The opening, as well as the train, is outlined by a band of black velvet, edged with white satin, woven in the goods. From the left shoulder in the back to the opposite hip runs a similar band, which spreads in two skyrocket strips down one side of the train. The yoke and sleeves are seamed, of course, and are of point lace. Gray hose and gray satin slippers with red heels are worn.

An evening gown is sea-shell pink silk, veiled with white chiffon, appliquéd with large, shaded purple orchids, and around the scroll work of puffed chiffon are silver spangles and small, shaded pink velvet orchids. The waist is pink silk, and down one side is a Greek key of silver braid. The sash is of lavender gauze, and so all the tones and tints of the orchid are represented.

The coat is yellow satin, with bias tucks. There is a Watteau plait in the back, and the front is half fitting, double-breasted, and with only one row of buttons. The pointed flounce of the coat is Mechlin lace, over green satin, which matches the revers.

May Irwin wears a charming house-gown in "Sister Mary." It is peach-colored cloth. The skirt is made with a box-plait in the back, and the front panel is tucked in pin stripes. Black velvet, edged with silver braid, ornament the waist and skirt. The bodice ends at the waistline in the back, and the two tabs in front fall below the waist. The yoke is of Irish point. The frogs on either side of the waist are black velvet.

Another handsome gown is of a biscuit cloth, inlaid with panels of Renaissance lace, over yellow silk, veiled with cream chiffon. The shoulder straps are black velvet, and on one side the three bands run from a pompon bow at the bust, to another bow at the waist, and on to a third bow at the feet.

The evening gown is white panne velvet, brocaded in pink carnations and violets, surrounded with black jet spangles. The tunic is slashed at one side, and Brussels lace, spangled in black, over cream satin, is revealed. The tunic is edged with black chantilly lace.

EDITH EMERY.

DESCRIPTION OF FANCY DRESS COSTUMES.

CHRISTMAS holidays are the oasis in the long desert of school work, and there is nothing so delightful a break in the monotony of study to the small person as a fancy dress party. PICTORIAL REVIEW has devoted its principal pages to the little people this month, and hopes they will find something suitable from this illustration, and have a "good time" at the party.

Cupid is a suitable character for a little boy about five or six years of age. The little gown is of white silk and gathered or accordion plaited upon a narrow band, outlining the square neck. There are no sleeves, and the only trimming to the simple little costume is a sash of pink silk that is fastened on the right shoulder in three loops. One end passes across the chest and the other below the wings in the back, and tie about the quiver of arrows at the left side. The stockings are flesh color, and the sandals white kid, tied with cream ribbons. The wings on the slippers are the regular white feather wings that can be found at the trimming counter of any shop. The shoulder wings are of one layer of pink tarlton, between two of white. They are wired at the edges, and the spots are of gold paper.

Nancy Lee, "The Sailor's Star," is the next figure. The skirt is white cashmere plaited evenly, all around. The little Eton jacket is pale blue cashmere, edged with white braid. The plastron of white cashmere, striped with the blue, is cut out at the throat in nautical fashion. The sash is navy blue silk, and the little fisherwife's cap is pale blue cashmere with zephyr tassel. The hose and slippers may be white or pale blue.

Henry III. is a costume for a little boy whose mamma does not mind trouble or expense, though cheaper materials could be substituted. The trousers are a trifle loose and are gathered below the knee. The material is white satin. The long vest is pale yellow satin appliquéd with silver braid. The sleeves in the vest are slashed, and show lace between the diamond-shaped openings. The coat is purple velvet trimmed in ermine. A black velvet hat with sweeping plumes of white is worn. White hose must be worn. The shoes would have to be made by a costumer, though it is not absolutely necessary to have them "in the period," and plain white satin or kid ones could be worn.

Edward V. wears a tight-fitting jacket of black velvet or velveteen, with a deep flounce, falling from the waist band of white kid. The flounce and the throat are outlined with swansdown. The "angel sleeves" fall over tight-fitting sleeves, finished with swansdown. Black tights and black slippers are worn.

The little Dutch boy's costume is as simple as possible. The loose trousers are blue chambray. White muslin is the material of the little shirt. Half hose any light color, and tan or black strap slippers complete the whole.

Autumn is an effective toilette. The background is white satin, or chiffon or even mull could be utilized, with great sprays of autumn leaves pinned over the gown, and attached by strips of brown velvet ribbon. Another method of carrying out the same idea more expensively is to make the gown of yellow satin, and have the leaves of shaded brown, red and golden velvet.

"Mightier Than the Sword" or "The Modern Press" may be represented by an older girl. The gown may be black satin, or sateen, or white satin. The title heads of leading papers are banded on the skirt, and PICTORIAL REVIEW covers form the revers, and ruffles which constitute the sleeves. Panniers of some other magazine are used, and from the belt dangle an ink bottle and pen. The cap is of plain white satin, or tissue paper may be used, and fastened with two quill pens in front. Instead of the basket of papers a tall wooden pen, gilded, might be carried. This would allow graceful La Tosca poses. The editor will be pleased to furnish title pages of PICTORIAL REVIEW to any young woman wishing to carry out this idea.

The minstrel's trousers are red and white striped print, with black or red or yellow dress coat. The diminutive hat can be made of pasteboard, and covered with the Stars and Stripes.

Little Miss Snowball wears white canton flannel, with balls of swansdown all over her gown, on her white slippers, and in her hair.

Spring is a charming costume for an older girl. The background may be tulle, chiffon or tarlton, and is sprayed with flowers and butterflies. It would be useless to make the latter when they can be had at the millinery counter of any shop. The bee-hive cap is made of brown velvet, corded.

The herald of the New Year wears tights, one leg is white, the other white and black. His doublet is white satin, belted with black, and three big puffs form the sleeves. His hat is black velvet, slashed and bordered in pearl beads, and trimmed with white plumes. His mantle is alike front and back, as broad as his shoulders at the top, and sloping out towards the bottom. Over his chest is a white satin heart with 1900 in silver letters. The herald's horn is a cunning finishing touch.

THE BED REST.

FROM England comes a new invention that helps to make an invalid's lot more bearable. It is a bed rest.

To be propped in bed with pillows, which are continually becoming flattened, is very annoying, as knows everyone at that tiresome cross-road between the time when too ill to worry over details, and when not strong enough to be transferred to a couch.

The bed rest is a frame three feet high, and fastened with hinges to a second frame, ridged like a Morris chair. On the upper frame are two arms that regulate the angle of the rest. The cushion is well padded, and can be covered in tapestry, cretonne, or brocade silk, or denim, according to the taste or purse of the purchaser.

Such a rest, together with the fascinating little bed tables, robs illness of half its horrors. The arms can be placed in the first stop when the invalid is eating or reading, and can be placed afterwards for a more reclining position, without disturbing the patient, and dispensing with that annoying thumbing of the pillows, of which the cleverest trained nurses will be guilty.

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Millinery

THE APPLE OF PARIS

THE luxury and sensuality of the bath, known to the old Greeks and Romans, seems a lost art. No more are the alabaster pools in palm gardens, beside fountains playing perfumed waters, mingling with the subtle vapor of wood of aloes, where the daughters of imperial Rome reclined in wanton indolence, and gave audience to their friends.

Of all civilized, refined countries, America pays less attention to the bath than any other. The conception of the word to the unfortunate inhabitants of the tenement districts is a sponge bath once a week. They have no opportunity of a plunge. The next higher strata of humanity, in cheap apartments and boarding-houses, compromise on a hot dip at intervals. The daily cold plunge is an unheard-of thing, except among the higher classes of society. Even in the most expensive apartments the bath is put off in one corner, and it would be considered a waste of valuable space to allow the bath-room to occupy a place where an occasional ray of sun can strike it.

In the town house of William K. Vanderbilt there is a bath-tub cut from a solid block of marble, which, together with the decorations, cost $20,000. But the room is at an angle of the house that is barely touched by the sun.

A certain New York millionaire gave his bride a solid silver bath-tub on an onyx platform. Surely this was due the consideration of Poppæa Sabina, herself, if it was given a place in his magnificent establishment worthy of it. The beautiful daughter of Claus Spreckles, the California millionaire, had a pool bath made. The panels were rose alabaster, between wide mirrors. The ceiling was oval, and of mirrors The faucets were gold, inlaid with cave topazes. There was not a window in the room. It was lighted by rose-shaded gas jets in a nave. The lighting was beautiful, and most artistic. But the room was unhealthful. No matter how good the plumbing may be, there is bound to be a slight escape of sewer gas in a bath-room.

Of course, it will not do for a woman to begin to take a cold plunge if she is over thirty, when the tide of vitality begins to ebb, in spite of the allegedly learned articles on the subject that appear in the women's pages of the dailies. In such a case, the shock would be too great, and the drain on the vitality too severe.

But the matter can be arranged by degrees. It is a good plan to stand on a bath rug and bathe the body with warm water, dashed with sea salt, using hair mittens or cocoanut fibre, and a good soap. Then rinse the body with clear, cold water, using a second pair of mittens, and rub afterwards with a heavy, rough towel. By slowly training up to it, the cold bath can be taken.

About once every six or eight days a hot plunge should be taken; bran bath-bags are an excellent stimulant for the skin. A few drops of strong ammonia is an equally good skin-food. It is a mistake to stay in the bath too long, for it loses its bracing effects, if the impurities which are washed from the body are absorbed again through the pores. After a hot bath, the body ought to be sprayed with cold water, but as this does away with the delightful languor that is conducive to a sound slumber, alcohol may be substituted. This is strengthening, and, next to cocoa oil, the best skin-food that has been discovered.

"To prevent all danger of colds, dash cold water over the body after a hot bath. The fibrous nerves which terminate at every part of the body conduct vital force away, when they are excited. As heat draws the force away very rapidly, the tendency of the warm bath is to throw the nerves into a state of excitement, which often continues for days with attendant loss of vital force," says a good authority on the subject.

The alcohol soothes the fibrous nerves, as does the cold water, if not used in sufficient quantity to drive the blood back from the surface too rapidly, and to produce a severe chilliness.

Beware of cheap sponges. The bleached ones may have been used in hospitals, and discarded by the nurses and doctors. From its very nature, the sponge is unfit for the bath, anyway. It absorbs the impurities of the body, as well as those of the atmosphere. Bath brushes and rugs should be renewed often, and boiled at intervals. A few drops of lysol should be poured into the water.

If the undergarments are not changed frequently, they put back into the system the refuse matter it has cast off. If they are to be worn a second time, they should be hung by an open window. The women of the Orient hang their garments over the smouldering ashes of scented woods, or pans of burning spices. This purifies them and perfumes them at the same time.

The belles of old Rome used to anoint their fair bodies with oil, dust with fine sand, and exercise in an enclosure, in their gardens. They knew that light and air are as beneficial to the body as is cleanliness. Then they had a bath similar in process to the Turkish bath, as we take it. But instead of the massage, from which is derived great benefit, their bodies were scraped with a strigil, a kind of ivory knife.

A noted German surgeon, who makes a speciality of spinal diseases, requires his patients to take a sun-bath daily. They are stretched on a couch beside a glass window, covered with a black cotton sheet (the glass and the black sheet draw the sun with great force), and allow the rays to fall directly upon them.

Rosenbach calls attention to the development of abnormal redness of the nose in consequence of the wearing of a veil in winter. The discoloration is most pronounced at those points where the veil is most intimately applied to the face. The effect is due to the mechanical action of the sharp and rough texture upon a sensitive skin, and to the influence of the watery vapor that collects within its meshes and prevents evaporation. Blood is thus driven from the tip of the nose to adjacent parts, whose blood vessels in consequence become enlarged and conspicuous.

The condition is aggravated if the use of the veil is continued on passing from a cold to a warm atmosphere. The alterations tend to become permanent the longer the veil is worn without airing, the longer its injurious action is maintained by compression, the colder the season, and the greater the exposure. Sometimes the cheeks are also affected similarly.

The treatment consists in discarding the veil, avoiding for a time sharp winds and great cold. Gentle massage should be practised, and applications of a thin layer of lanolin, vaselin or cold cream may be made, followed by that of some simple powder, such as talc or starch. When the use of a veil is necessary it should not extend below the nasal orifices, so as to permit the escape of watery vapor. Further, it should not be too heavy, nor should it be too tight, and the quality should be the best, for in the cheap veils the starch and glue are most prominent.

GLADYS GREY.

P. S.—A correspondent wishes to know a good recipe for chapped hands. Though I rarely give addresses on this page, I cannot recommend a better thing than Condie's Balsamic Glycerine, sold at No. 198 Ninth avenue. The price is twenty-five and fifty cents a bottle.

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NEW YORK

Women's Clubs.

No. 3.

THE Rainy Day Club has ceased to be the rock upon which frivolous young newspaper people sharpen their wits. It has taken its important place with dignity in the ranks of women's clubs.

It has done a great deal to lessen the burden of women compelled to be out in all sorts and conditions of weather, and on its membership list are some of the cleverest women, of every profession, in New York, and some well-known butterflies, who like to go out in rainy weather, because they feel that they can say "well done," when their treasure of a tailor sends home that very stunning rain-gown.

The origin of the club is pathetic. Mrs. Bertha Welby, the well-known reader, was sitting in her office one stormy afternoon, and a friend, a

MRS. A. M. PALMER.

newspaper woman, came in after an assignment that had kept her out in the rain most of the day. She had worn her long, wet skirts all day; then had had to sit nearly an hour at her desk writing the three-column story that was given a "spread head" next day. A few weeks later she died with pneumonia, and her children were placed in a semi-charitable institution.

A short time afterwards Mrs. Welby founded the Rainy Day Club. Its badge is a pale blue shield, with a half-unfurled umbrella in bold relief, and bordered with white daisies, from which the alleged humorists get the stock phrase, "rainy daisies." The motto is "Experientia Docet."

Mrs. A. M. Palmer is the gracious president of the club. The vice-presidents are Mrs. Arthur Elliot Fish, Mrs. Parker Morrison, and Mrs. W. E. Findley.

Much of the success of the club is due Mrs. H. Herbert Knowles, the treasurer. Mrs. Knowles is a prominent club woman, and the hostess of the Woman's Press Club. The Rev. Phoebe A. Hanaford is another well-known woman who is an officer of the club.

The members state that the objects of the club are:

Section 1. The object of this organization shall be to introduce such sanitary methods in dress as will secure for women health and comfort, while being genuinely artistic, graceful and modest.

Sec. 2. To promote artistic and sanitary reforms in house and home.

Sec. 3. To induce all women to aid in extending our work, thereby promoting a higher standard of womanhood.

One of the by-laws is: "All members must pledge themselves to wear a rainy-day gown in inclement weather. The skirt shall not be more than six inches nor less than four inches from the ground, appropriate boots, hat and jacket, or mackintosh, shall be worn. No conspicuous costume will be allowed by this club."

Some of the members look very stylish in their trim, double-faced skirts and short, double-breasted jackets. A plain turban of black velvet, or of the material in the gown; or a narrow-brimmed sailor is worn usually. Often the boots are high bicycle boots made with heavy English soles, or they are of the rain-proof leather.

The rain-girl on this page is a particularly stylish sample of the order. Her gown was made at Wanamaker's, and is of the double-faced, Scotch golf plaid. The upper side is plain dark brown, and the plaid takes lighter tones of brown, shaded to white. There are several rows of stitching around the bottom of the skirt, and at the full length, opening at the side. The coat is box, and the collar is dark brown velvet. The sailor hat is dark brown felt, with bristling bow of the same shade of velvet, run through with tan quills.

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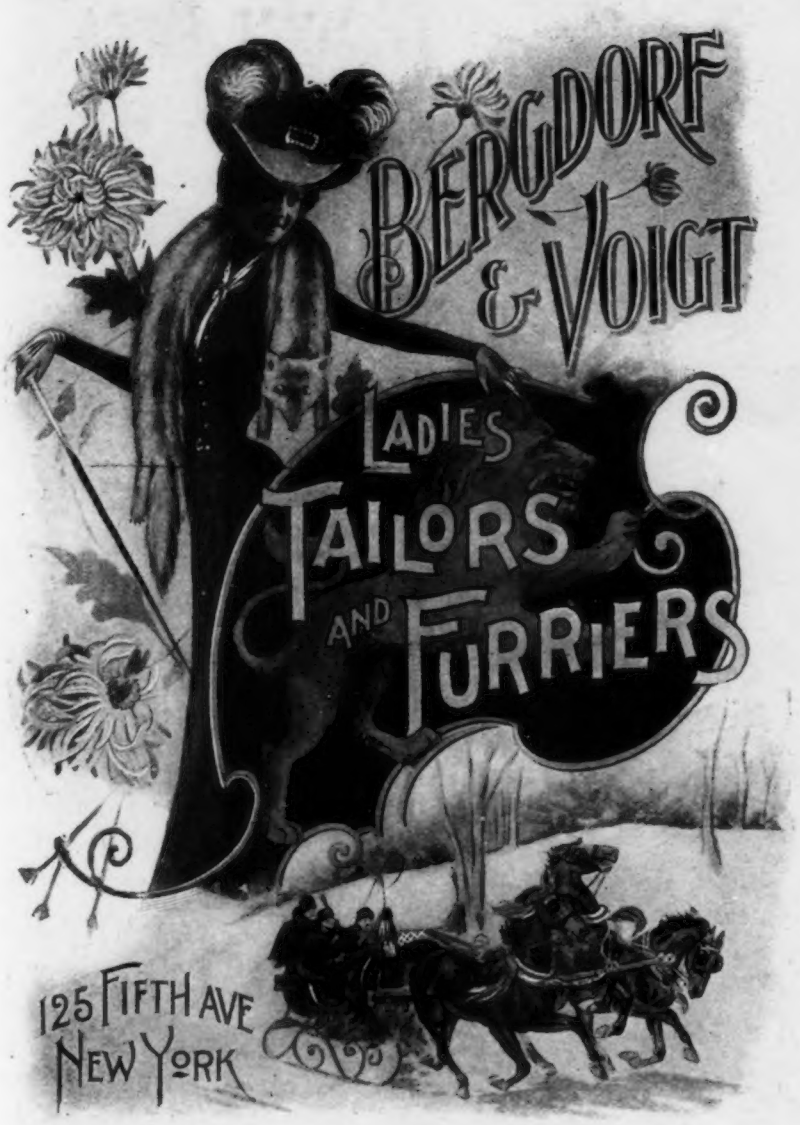

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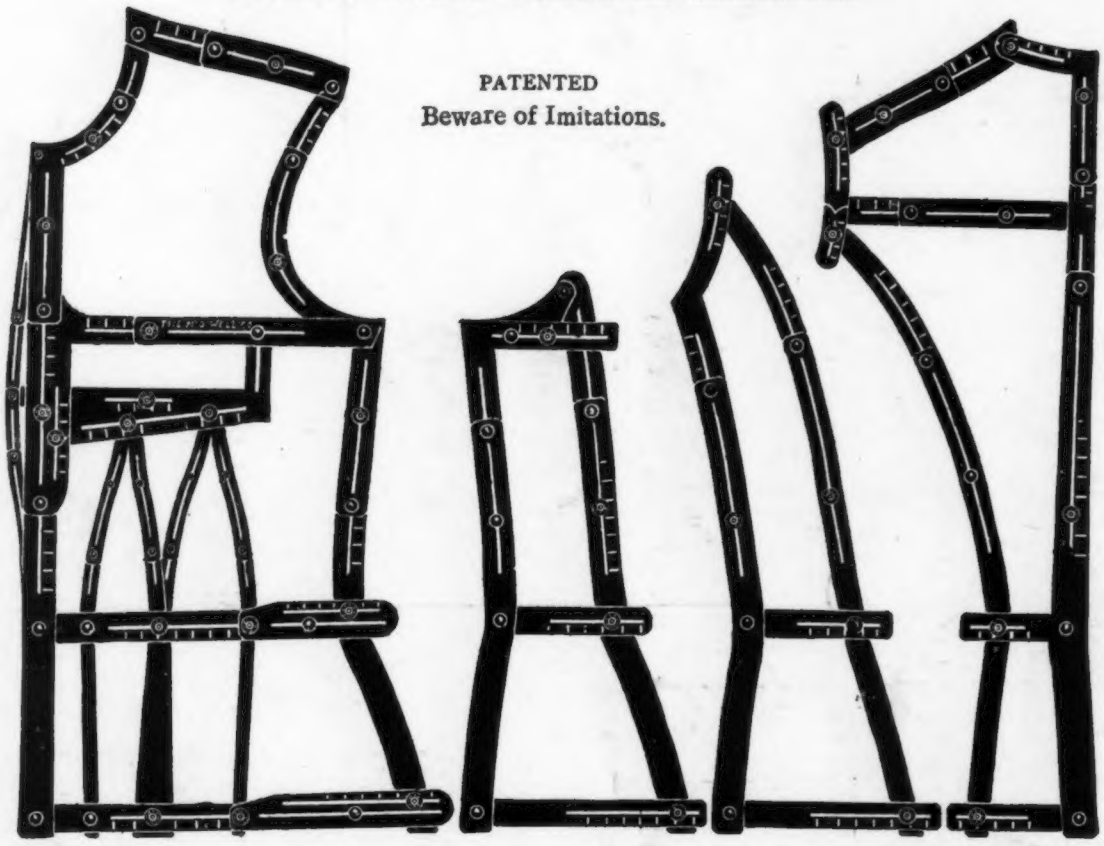

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